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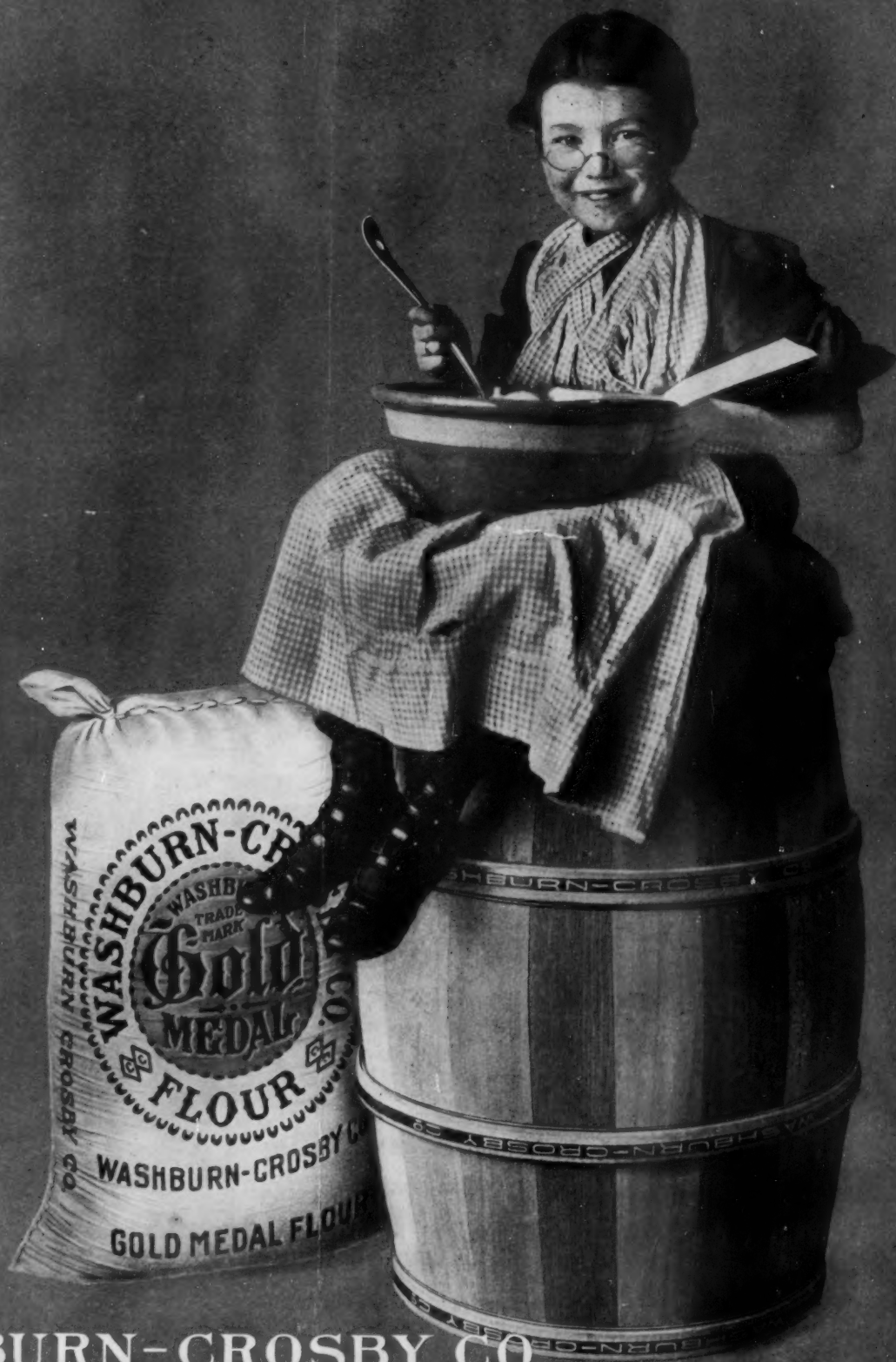
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P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West 13th Street : London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and
The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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Vol. XXXIV No. 13

10 Cents per Copy

\$5.20 per Year

New York, Saturday, December 24, 1904

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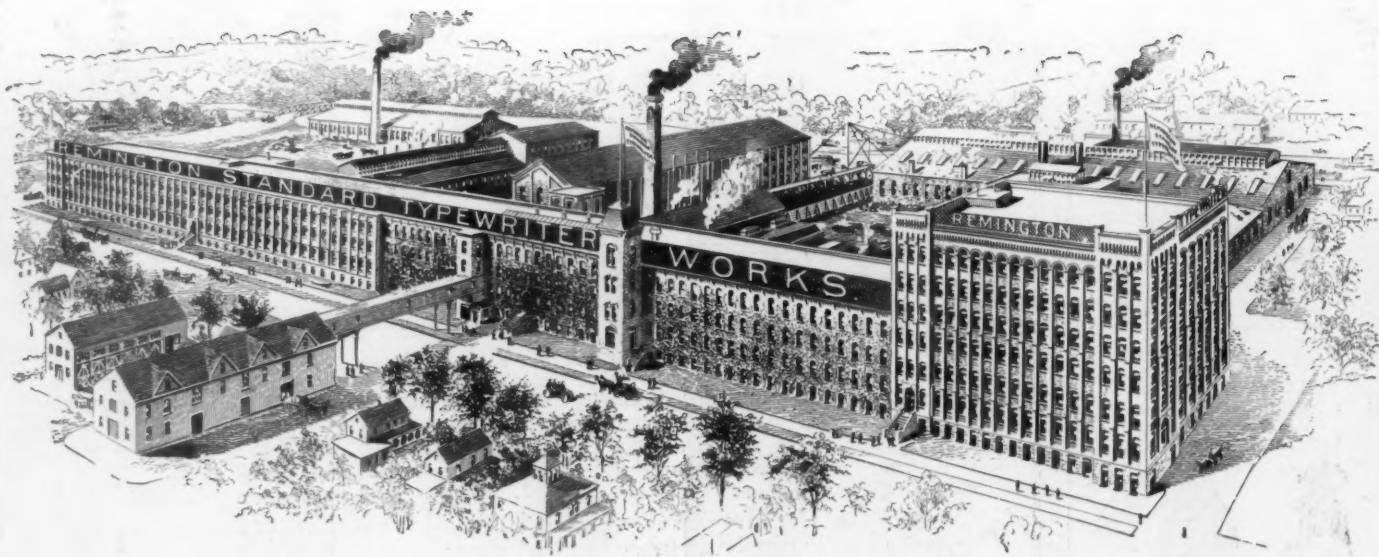
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DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

"YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS"



LARGE NAVAL APPROPRIATION is one of the subjects—perhaps the subject—nearest to the President's heart. Probably he is right. It is one of those questions on which the best minds disagree. But it is a dismal topic for most sensitive people, these days. Whether necessary or not, the smashing of ironclads and men is distressing. Sharp, close, and true accounts have taken away war's exhilaration. It is now much like the slaughter-houses at Chicago. General Nogi's second son was killed the other day at 203 Metre Hill. His only other son had been killed in another desperate assault in May. We realize the deaths of

ETERNAL QUESTIONS

MAKAROFF and VERESTCHAGIN, and the possibility of KUROKI's death, but the other thousands are jammed into an anonymous mess like as many worms. "Life," observed one of our largest thinkers the other day in one of his darker moods—"Life is an infernal swindle." Thousands have said it before, and thousands will say it hereafter. Nothing creates this black, ironic view more than the wholesale method of extinguishing human breath, of crushing human bones. Man looks so little now, in conflict with enormous bursting shells, with explosions of the earth beneath him, with great fires burning in his path, with mines and countermines, and bullets traveling accurately for miles in silence, that the whole game has lost its glory and become a gory reckoning of cost. Increased naval appropriations—yes, no doubt; but without excitement, and with a heavy heart.

THE PROFOUND HARM which is done to the very fibre of a nation by unhealthy work of children and women is one of the things on which feeling is most in accord and most intense. Narrow and selfish interest, however, is a constant obstacle to measures introduced by enlightened feelings. Sometimes where good laws are passed the conditions are not improved. New York State under Commissioner McMACKIN has illustrated this. The New York law is now regarded as model legislation on this subject, in some respects superior to that of Massachusetts. So far, however, have some of its provisions been from enforcement that the facts are

CHILD LABOR

as bad as they are in some of those Southern States about which such a protest has been raised. The idea that any cheap politician is good enough for the post held by McMACKIN is a disgrace to the State, for his position is one which influences the actual material of our race. Children of four and five have been allowed to work, under McMACKIN, and one of six has been found working until nine o'clock at night. In one factory alone were three hundred children under fourteen, and in the busy season this factory is open until two or three o'clock in the morning. The trades-unions favor the abolition of child labor, as all decent members of the community do. Only low greed supports it. Let us devoutly hope that in this respect the administration of Governor HIGGINS will be an improvement upon the administration which preceded.

FALSE AFFIDAVITS make it easy to cheat all child labor laws which are not strictly administered. Thousands of children are at work through the perjury of their parents. A school principal on the East Side of New York City says that three-fifths of the certificates which come to her give ages which she knows to be false. Concrete examples give life to principles. One girl, whose parents swore off three years of her life, works in a factory from seven-thirty in the morning to six at night, although she is subject to epileptic fits and is troubled with a weak heart. The schooling which she has received in all her life amounts to just one month. Another girl, typical of a great number, during the busy season "dips" candy

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

five days in the week from seven in the morning until nine at night, and on the other day from eight till nine, with thirty minutes for luncheon and fifteen minutes for supper. Her aggregate number of hours for the week during the busy season is seventy-eight and one-half. Naturally she has weak eyes, round shoulders, and a hollow chest, and it is not easy to estimate the value of her life, and the lives of her future children, to herself or to the world. Another example is a girl four feet tall and twelve years old, who, during the busy season, works from seven-thirty in the morning until seven at night, with thirty minutes off for luncheon. For her week's work of sixty-five hours she is paid \$2.75. These cases are typical. We boast of the prosperity, happiness, and enlightenment of our country, but we have much yet to do. This is the Christmas season. It is a time for happiness, but it is a time also for thoughts of other children than our own, children whose bodies and souls are bargained and sworn away.

The purchasers are men who manufacture as cheaply as they can. The sellers are those who brought the children to this world.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE made certain an active discussion of the whole question of railway regulation. Two subjects should be kept perfectly distinct: rebates and the fixing of rates. It is on the second subject that the railways feel aggrieved. Under the Interstate Commerce Act every unreasonable charge by a railroad is prohibited and declared unlawful. A shipper who has paid an unreasonably high charge can recover the excess over a reasonable charge, and the railroad is also liable to him for the full amount of any damage he may have sustained together with the amount of his attorney's fee. Furthermore, if the charge was reasonable, but higher than the railroad demanded from another shipper under similar circumstances, the man who paid the higher charge can recover the difference between the two rates and damages in addition. Under the scheme proposed by the President, if the Commission established an unreasonably low rate, the railroad apparently would be obliged to do business at that rate during the interval between the date of the Commission's order and the nullification of the order by a court, without having any remedy to recover the amount lost. While the existence of a legal remedy may not be of much practical benefit to either side, the discrimination against the railroad seems to offer a just ground for criticism, and all such just objections, however unimportant, should be eliminated. By such elimination greater force will be lent to the movement toward remedying the real evil. Discrimination has caused much more harm than have rates that are too high, for rates, on the whole, have not been very excessive. Rebates, passes, improper lobbies, and the whole system of illegal influence and privilege, are what most need to be eradicated. The President has the people behind him in this as in most other portions of his message. Indeed, the sweepiness of his victory was due to the general belief that he would cautiously but bravely lead the effort to diminish unjust advantage and to equalize opportunity. The railways have the strongest executive talent in the land in their service, and the ablest legal minds to give plausible presentation of their case. Their main point, that the Interstate Commerce Commission, as at present constituted, hardly possesses the knowledge and ability to determine rates justly, has much to be said for it. That commission ought to be strengthened, and the exact relation which it should hold to the fixing of rates is a topic which will bear the fullest discussion.

REGULATING RAILWAYS

"WHILE THIS IS A GOVERNMENT of parties," says a recent editorial in the Emporia "Gazette," "and while, of course, partisans will govern the country for many years to come, yet partisan leaders more and more are being guided—not to say scared—by the non-partisan vote. And the members of parties are pretty generally looking about them for political instruction, and no longer take their platforms and candidates canned by the party machine." Mr. WHITE applies these truths to journalism and its future, pointing out "with what faith and with what trust Americans are looking to authentic, unbiased sources for their political information and comment. The party organ has its place—but the area it occupies in the respect of the people is growing smaller every year." The independent voting in Missouri, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Colorado, Wisconsin, New York, and other States has been much commented on, but we have not seen much about the result in the State of Washington. One of our correspondents from that State analyzes the situation thus: "The contest has been along similar lines to that of Governor LA FOLLETTE. The revolt here has been over the establishment of a Railroad Commission, or rather the defeat of that measure by the railroad lobby, and a protest against the disgraceful surrender of the last Republican Convention to the railroads, which was complete and most barefaced. While the Democratic candidate was not successful in securing election, the vote showed the sentiment of the people on the questions at issue. ROOSEVELT'S majority was 71,000, though the most sanguine of his supporters did not expect 50,000, while the normal Republican majority is between 30,000 and 35,000. MEAD, the railroad candidate for Governor, only got in with 16,750. His opponent was ex-Senator GEORGE TURNER of the Alaska Boundary Commission, who but for the overwhelming ROOSEVELT sentiment would have doubtless been elected." On this showing the Spokane "Review" claims for Washington a larger independent vote proportionately than any other State in the Union. However that may be, it is true

GROWTH OF INDEPENDENCE



that the growth of independence politically is striking in the Northwest. One of the most eagerly awaited improvements in political tone is the breaking away from party routine of the Southern States. INGERSOLL'S now famous remark, that he would turn Christian when Missouri went Republican, shows the extent and rapidity of the change.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR was not yet closed when speculation began about future similar events. When these expositions do not pay directly, they probably do in the whole result, even in a purely money sense, and they are an education and the source of impulse. The general conclusion seems to be that St. Louis erred by placing too much reliance on size. Buffalo satisfied everybody who saw it. St. Louis combined great interest with flagrant errors. The next exposition is that to be held from June until October, 1905, in Portland, Oregon. It will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the LEWIS and CLARK expedition into the Oregon country. In Chattanooga a proposition has been made to celebrate in 1915 the semi-

PLANNING AHEAD

centennial of the peace between North and South. Chattanooga's arguments are that she is the geographical centre of the scenes of the Civil War, surrounded immediately by some of the greatest battlegrounds, and that she was the most strategic point. The United States Government has contemplated the erection of a peace memorial arch at Chattanooga, and there is in general just now a mood for celebrating peace. The Portland fair will be especially representative of the Oregon country—of that territory which passed under our sovereignty by the treaty with Great Britain in 1846, and which includes the present States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a part of Montana and Wyoming. The LEWIS and CLARK expedition gave to the United States a coast line on the Pacific and enabled us to hold the country west of the Rocky Mountains and south of the 49th parallel.

"PEOPLE DON'T DO SUCH THINGS," says the cynic, in "Hedda Gabler," in a dazed sort of way, when the heroine puts a bullet in her temple. Often nowadays merely because a thing is melodramatic people think it is not real. A thorough-going villain is looked upon as dramatically out of date. Yet violent emotions and violent deeds seem common enough if we read the yellow papers or haunt the courts. Every day some die by choice for love, and others kill for love. Swindles of the most intricate and spectacular kind are practiced in every city. Real life is largely melodrama, and the types are sharply drawn and simple. The adventuress is abroad in the land, as well as the adventurer, the crazed lover, the hero, and all the exaggerated types. The adventuress always gets the interest of the audience when she has the lime-light and a moderately good part. She is much more interesting than any villain of the other sex. Mrs. CHADWICK is worth twice the space of a man who had stolen similar amounts. It takes woman to make the world dramatic. Whatever the whole truth about Mrs. CHADWICK may be, her success as a swindler was inseparable from her charm as a woman—her charm for the men into whose ears her tale was told. No wonder the adventuress is interesting. If she were not, she could never be, with any success, an adventuress. Human nature, Heaven be praised, is full of trust, as Mme. HUMBERT and Mrs. CHADWICK knew when they laid their plans. They found in bankers the credulity which lambs exhibit over Wall Street tips, but it was more mixed with kindness and with the natural sympathy of man with woman in distress, especially, perhaps, when that distress concerns one moving in conspicuous circles. These two stories, like life, are mingled tales of the admirable and the mean.

ADVENTURESSES

"TOM SAWYER" AND "HUCKLEBERRY FINN" have been removed from the free shelves of a certain public library, and are now given out to those persons only on whom, in the librarian's opinion, the effects will not be deleterious. It would be a pleasure to know personally that librarian, or to see him at his work, casting his penetrating eye upon successive urchins, deciding whether or not they shall peruse the greatest boy's stories yet written in America. In our own variegated youth a clerical uncle took us out of the house behind some bushes and cautioned us against the insidious effects of reading MARK TWAIN, but the warning fell on barren soil. We wished to be good, but not at the price of losing Tom and Huck. Mr. CLEMENS is the biggest literary figure in America, and he is much too big for some of the librarians to understand. His laugh is kind and most entirely

MARK TWAIN'S IMMORALITY

virtuous when they imagine it is destructive of society. "Honesty," says he, "is the best policy. I know, for I have tried both." There are people in the world who are grieved by a jest like that. Heaven rest their souls. MARK TWAIN is open to criticism, for he is one of the most uneven of our writers, as well as the greatest of them. Sometimes when he swings his good right arm at the evils or the mysteries, the superstitions or conventions of this universe, he is as mistaken as poor Don Quixote. His attacks, for instance, on the greatest periods of art, because they do not speak the language of to-day, failed to lessen our admiration of the Italian masters, and reacted, something like a windmill, upon the critic. But to show timidity about the influence of such masterpieces as "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" is to give to the angels one of their too frequent opportunities to weep.

"PRESS AGENT FOR IBSEN" is a description bestowed upon one writer by a lover of lighter dramatic forms. The phrase is his way of summing up a general taste for plays of a significance more solemn than pretty girls and bargain-counter humor. The greatest pleasure which has come to some of us in the theatre this season was when Mr. SOTHERN and Miss MARLOWE played so charmingly "Much Ado About Nothing," not exactly a gloomy play, but guilty of inspiring serious appreciation. High up, to be sure, came "Hedda Gabler," but that was because Mrs. FISKE acted it so well, and because, with its morbid and dismal atmosphere, it has great skill and some bitter humor. Some people can find more pleasure in mere ability and intelligence than in tights and songs, machine-made sentiment and equally machine-made humor. But, to tell the truth, IBSEN, even to one who takes the drama as seriously as literature or painting, needs to be done as well as Mrs. FISKE and her company played "Hedda." NANCE O'NEIL in the same drama is almost torture. Along this line of thought, some figures sent by a correspondent to illustrate German taste are of interest. In ten years thirteen of HAUPTMANN'S fourteen plays have been given at the Deutsches Theater, 1,169 performances in all. About one thousand of these HAUPTMANN performances were of his tragic plays. Second came IBSEN, all the plays from "A Doll's House" to "When We Dead Awaken" being included, except "The Lady from the Sea," and "The Master Builder." MAETERLINCK came fourth, thanks to "Monna Vanna." During September and October it was possible to see in Berlin "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Troilus and Cressida," IBSEN'S "Pretenders," his "Lady from the Sea," a revival of one of HAUPTMANN'S earlier plays, OSCAR WILDE'S "Lady Windermere's Fan," and his "Salomé," with many others known to literature, all this without damage to the market for farce and musical comedy. New York has seen "Baroness Fiddlesticks." Is that any reason why our largest city should not include in the scope of the drama certain other branches?

THE DRAMA'S SCOPE

SELDOM IS A CHARACTER as fully created as the strong brute captain who is JACK LONDON'S "Sea-Wolf." If Mr. LONDON'S next book surpasses this in strength by as much as this leads its predecessor, he will soon be KIPLING'S equal. But why did the young author fall to pieces in the middle of his story, making a last half which is pitiful in comparison to the first? Did he bring in a woman because she was part of his plan, or because he deemed her a needed element of commerce? He is as feeble in handling sentiment as he is powerful in a rough male atmosphere. Apparently he will never succeed with women, but appearances may deceive. STEVENSON'S first successful woman came at the end of his career, in "Weir of Hermiston." LONDON resembles KIPLING in this weak side as in his virile aspects. Optimism in this novel fares hard, and pessimism has all the strength. "It's a lie," says one of the characters, to a cheery prophecy, "a bloody lie. . . . I was born to sufferin' and sorrier. I've 'ad more cruel sufferin' than any ten men, I 'ave. I've been in orspital arf my bleedin' life. . . . I near died of the scurvy and was rotten with it six months in Barbadoes. Small-pox in 'Onolulu, two broken legs in Shanghai, pneumonia in Unalaska, three busten ribs an' my insides all twisted in 'Frisco. . . . 'Ow can it be myde up to me, I arsk? 'Oo's goin' to do it? Gawd? 'Ow Gawd must have hated me w'en 'e signed me on for a voyage in this bloomin' world of 'is!" On this bitter and harsh side the "Sea-Wolf" takes a high place indeed. For his permanent reputation's sake it might be well for Mr. LONDON, in a later edition, to find some way of ending the book abruptly in what is now the middle.

ALMOST A MASTERPIECE



CHRISTMAS EVE IN PARIS

DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

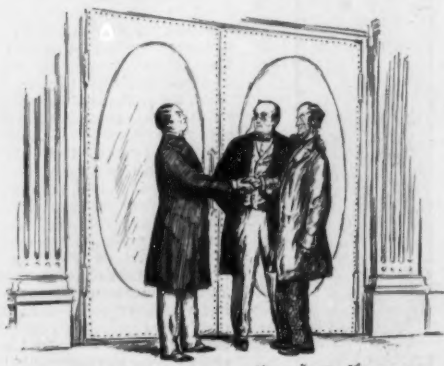
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Back to Washington Again

Scenes About the Capitol at the Opening of Congress for the Short Session

THE evening was still young, but the quiet of Washington at night had already settled on the office of the Arlington. On a leather settee against the wall slept an aged Senator, his black slouch hat over his face, his snores rumbling through the silent room. The negro bell-boys nudged each other and showed their white teeth. Over by the windows a couple of dark-skinned Latin-Americans—legation secretaries, or attachés, overdressed, enveloped in cigarette smoke and drolly affecting the rôles of gilded youth—gossiped in vehement Spanish. At the bar leaned a young man in frock-coat and top hat, twirling his stick languidly and blinking through his monocle impudently at the world—a rakish young man, consul at some outlandish place in the Orient, with a sword-cut on his cheek and a strange history behind him. Without, in the quiet precincts to the west of Lafayette Square, broughams flitted like occasional fireflies, and through the chinks in the drawn portières at the embassies and the greater houses came here and there the glint of lights—perhaps the far-away toot of a cornet and the faint humming of violins. The younger world were at the White House, and through the tracery of branches that surrounded it its tall columns and portico blazed like a Cinderella palace. Young officers in swagger uniforms flocked thither and away again to the Army and Navy Club; to prattle there of conquests, of the new promotions, of what they would do before they were detached for duty or the fleet sailed. All the polite world of diplomatic, military, and departmental Washington was pursuing its debonair way, and, except for that aged Senator asleep and snoring in the hotel lobby, you would have had no idea, in that quarter of the town, that the Congress was about to convene for the short session, and that legislators from every corner of the country, with their intrigues and ambitions, their proud wives and hopeful daughters, their black slouch hats and pompous ways, had come back to the capital.

But in a dozen hotels to the eastward of Lafayette



"The distinguished Postmaster of Squantumville, in my district."

Square and the Treasury, you would have got quite a different idea that night of what was meant by the opening of Congress. Their lobbies were crowded with men, in frock-coats and black string ties, blue with tobacco smoke and buzzing with talk. It looked like the eve of a State Convention. Everywhere they were telling over the fights of scores of districts, speculating on what would be done during the short session, gossiping of the landslide, and what it had done. Some fifty of them had been smothered under it, and the coming session meant only a three months' grace before they must say good-by to Washington. Others came back more than ever victorious. "Hell-o, Sam! How've ye been?" "Fust-rate! You're lookin' fine! How much majority did you get? Seventeen thousand! Gee—good for you!" To them Washington did not exist until they returned, any more than non-collegiate Cambridge or New Haven exists to any Harvard or Yale sophomore, and they shook hands and patted shoulders and puffed and buzzed like so many elephantine undergraduates returned from the summer vacation. Some of them, perhaps, had sold their souls to get where they were; not one of them but had made, at some time or other, the sacrifices that bring lines into men's faces. But these were all concealed now—buried away back in the caucuses and convention halls and committee rooms of home, a thousand miles or so away. Already the leaders were planning and bargaining, but nothing more than vague rumors floated down from closed-door conferences. In the bosoms of the wives and daughters, meeting each other in the dining-rooms or in the parlors upstairs, were nobody knows



Proud faces of wives and daughters in the gallery

By Arthur Ruhl

how many ambitions and heartburnings all concealed now beneath smiles and brand-new dresses.

To the careless spectator the minority members were most interesting. The defeated are often the most interesting. It is the winning crew which always paddles back to the boathouse fresh as though it was made of steel and steam. They hardly seem like men. But back in the other shell, drooping over their sweeps, fagged and beaten, they are men, mere men, with the sweat rolling down their cheeks and their mouths drawn, and knowing, like the rest of us, disappointment and defeat. And so it was with the minority, good-humored as they were; and though they came back to Washington as a navy officer this autumn went up to the West Point-Annapolis game: "Not go because we're going to get beaten!" he smiled. "Of course, we'll get beaten! But what difference do you think that makes to me?—I'm a Democrat!" You found the minority, not in the palm-room-and-onyx hotels of the new Washington, but in the homely old caravansaries near the Capitol—battered survivors of a couple of generations ago, where Southern members and their families gathered. In the office you would find them—in neighborhood groups, it seemed—talking about what "They," the majority, would do, very much as farmers talk at harvest time of what the railroads or stock markets will do to the price of wheat. You could see them in the big dining-rooms—two families, perhaps, seated round the same long table—the quaint old hotel table with a "castor" in the centre and suave negro waiters swimming by, balancing an impossible mountain of dishes. At either end of the long table sat the head of each family, gravely expounding to each other their ideas of policy, their wives beaming approval, the young folks listening, respectful. You found them in the upper corridors of evenings, seated in patriarchal groups with their dark-eyed sons and little girls, the eldest daughter in the lonely parlor near by perhaps, playing on the piano. On the night before the opening in one of these old hotels there was such a group as this—the family, and, as it appeared, his neighborhood friends, seated about one of the older Southern members. He was a veteran of the war, of the losing side, and had been wounded. Several younger men, one at least a Congressman from his own State, were talking with him, as he sat in the corner of a sofa, about the state of affairs. "It seems like they think they can do anything!" said one of them. The youngest shrugged his shoulders: "I told him," he said defiantly, "that if they made the pork barrel big enough, maybe they could do something. But they'd have to make it big." The old man took no notice of this, but continued to smile at the little girl who was clambering over his knees. Presently a young woman came up from the office, bringing some quinine capsules. The old legislator had caught cold, as so many of his friends had, coming up from the South into the wretched weather that ushered in the opening day of Congress. It was sleeting outside even then, and a cutting wind thrashed across the dripping asphalt. They forgot politics and all fell to talking about the cold and the quinine pills, and how many you could take without making your ears ring. "They're five grains, sir," said one of the young men solicitously. There were many rumors afoot that night. Some one had had a conference that day with the President; Senator So-and-so could not be found at his hotel; he was dining with Such-a-one—potently significant; you might have seen him late that evening step out of his brougham at the side entrance and quietly disappear to his room; it began definitely to be felt that there would be no attempt at tariff revision during the present session. From the quarter of the town where these matters were doing to the upper corridor in the hotel, where the old Southerner sat with his family and his friends, was a long way—it seemed all of a mile or more. But it was further than that. It was all the

way from Wall Street to the cotton plantation; from a new statesmanship of business and vast finance and a new régime of complexity and consolidation back to an older and simpler life, closer to things and nearer the ground, that has gone never to return.

The mere spectacle of the opening of Congress immensely resembles commencement day at a young ladies' seminary. There are the folks looking on in the gallery, the polite buzz of talk from admiring mothers and wives and daughters and friends; there are the perfume and politeness and flowers. If there were white dresses and fresh young faces behind those mahogany desks, instead of frock-coats and faces old and parched and seamed with lines; if an embarrassed young woman holding a manuscript tied with blue ribbons stood on the rostrum instead of a determined-

looking, dignified gentleman holding a wooden hammer, the pictures would be identical. In either chamber the scene is at once impressive and not without its drollery. Its impressiveness must be pretty obvious to any patriotic citizen; its drollery lies in the mere spectacle of these tarnished warriors, veterans of none knows how many smoky convention halls, wee-small-hour conference duels, and election-day battles, seated, chastened and lamblike, behind heaps of chrysanthemums and roses and violets. Both Houses convene at noon, and on the morning of opening day a steady stream of florists' wagons flows up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. They come from friends and from folks who want a job. Every one gets them—great "pieces," some of them feet high and tied with pink ribbons, round which the ruddy face of a Tim Sullivan or a Ben Tillman grins, like that of a jovial satyr leering round a rosebush. The opening ceremonies consist of a mere calling of the Houses to order and a few formal resolutions. Then an adjournment is taken until the next day, when the President's message is to be read. The whole thing does not take more than ten minutes. In the House there is almost as much confusion and noise as in a stock pit; the Senate maintains its dignity.

Looking Down from the Gallery

The meetings and greetings of these eminently respectable gentlemen are a pleasure to behold. In contrast with the hurly-burly of the House, the Senate on such a morning is precisely like a well-ordered club. You can scarcely believe that these benign statesmen have ever torn each other's neckbands, hurled inkwells, and given each other the lie. With the incense of the flowers breathing up all around them, the pretty faces and polite lorgnettes looking down from the gallery, they behave very much as very young men are likely to do when they assume the occasional toga of evening clothes. They bow and beam, cast now and then a gracious eye along the galleries as who should say, "Ah, indeed! How pretty!" and the slow, intense, long-dallying, legislative handshake is prolonged as if to slow music. It is a great moment for all, even for the lay-figure-man and the other-man's-man. And it is pretty to watch the proud faces of the wives and daughters in the gallery, to see how each pair of eyes follows but one of those frock-coats on the floor, and how they light up and gleam, and sometimes the heads nod instinctively as the owner of that coat bows and beams at his fellow members.

The Lower House, meanwhile, reminds one of a political convention. There is a continuous uproar. Everybody is glad to see everybody else, but they show it more in the glad-hand manner, talking shop the while, perhaps even chewing the butt of a half-smoked cigar. Thus the Hon. Billyum Sulzer, Friend of the Peepul, stalked about on opening day, a red carnation in his buttonhole, his auburn Henry-Clay scalplock hung carefully over his left eye. Many of the Representatives do not bother to wear the conventional frock; some seem



Red-faced, twinkling-eyed Tillman came over to sit by Senator Allison

to affect a studied carelessness in dress. Mr. John Sharp Williams, the most interesting personality in the House, appeared on the opening day in a rusty brown sack-coat, his black string tie trailing loosely down his bosom. Everywhere pages are running; members are shouting out greetings, asking about each other's majorities, or whether a fellow member has escaped the recent deluge. Out in the corridors constituents besiege their representatives, or the latter gladden the heart of some embarrassed rustic by introducing him with—"Congressman, want you to shake hands with Mr. Jones, the distinguished postmaster of Squantumville, in my district." Into the confusion every now and then descends the Speaker's gavel—"Ra-a-p!—Ra-a-p!"

The men borne into Congress on the recent landslide, of course, do not take their seats until the next session, and there were only six new members, chosen to fill vacancies, to be sworn in. To the casual spectator, interested in the outsidings of things, this was the most interesting scene during the opening session in the House. Among the six was Knowland of California, only thirty-one years old, born and educated in his own State; a State Congressman at twenty-five, State Senator at twenty-nine—a typical product of the Slope. There were two young recruits in the ranks of the minority; one a dark-eyed, athletic-looking chap, scarce thirty years old, and looking much younger; one a tall, husky young man in frock-coat and white waistcoat, in appearance reminding one somewhat of a prosperous young actor. The boy, for so he seemed, was Theodore Gailard Croft of South Carolina, son of the man who was counsel for Jim Tillman, "Pitchfork" Tillman's brother, when Tillman was tried last year for the murder of Editor Gonzales. After the acquittal Congressman Croft died, and the clan that had supported him and the Tillmans promptly rallied with true feudal spirit round the son. He was elected without opposition to fill his father's unexpired term, so that for the entire session the seat in Congress will be filled in the family's name. The other Southerner was Heflin of Alabama, the man who, in a speech at Tuskegee during the recent campaign, told his hearers that if some Czolgosz had thrown a bomb under the table where the President and Booker Washington were at dinner no great harm would have been done. You would not have thought it of him as he stood there with the others, his right hand upraised taking the oath. No whisper of dissent was raised at Heflin's confirmation. It was a rather curious situation, when you thought of it, if a man's publicly spoken words are to be taken to mean anything—one that could hardly have occurred anywhere else.

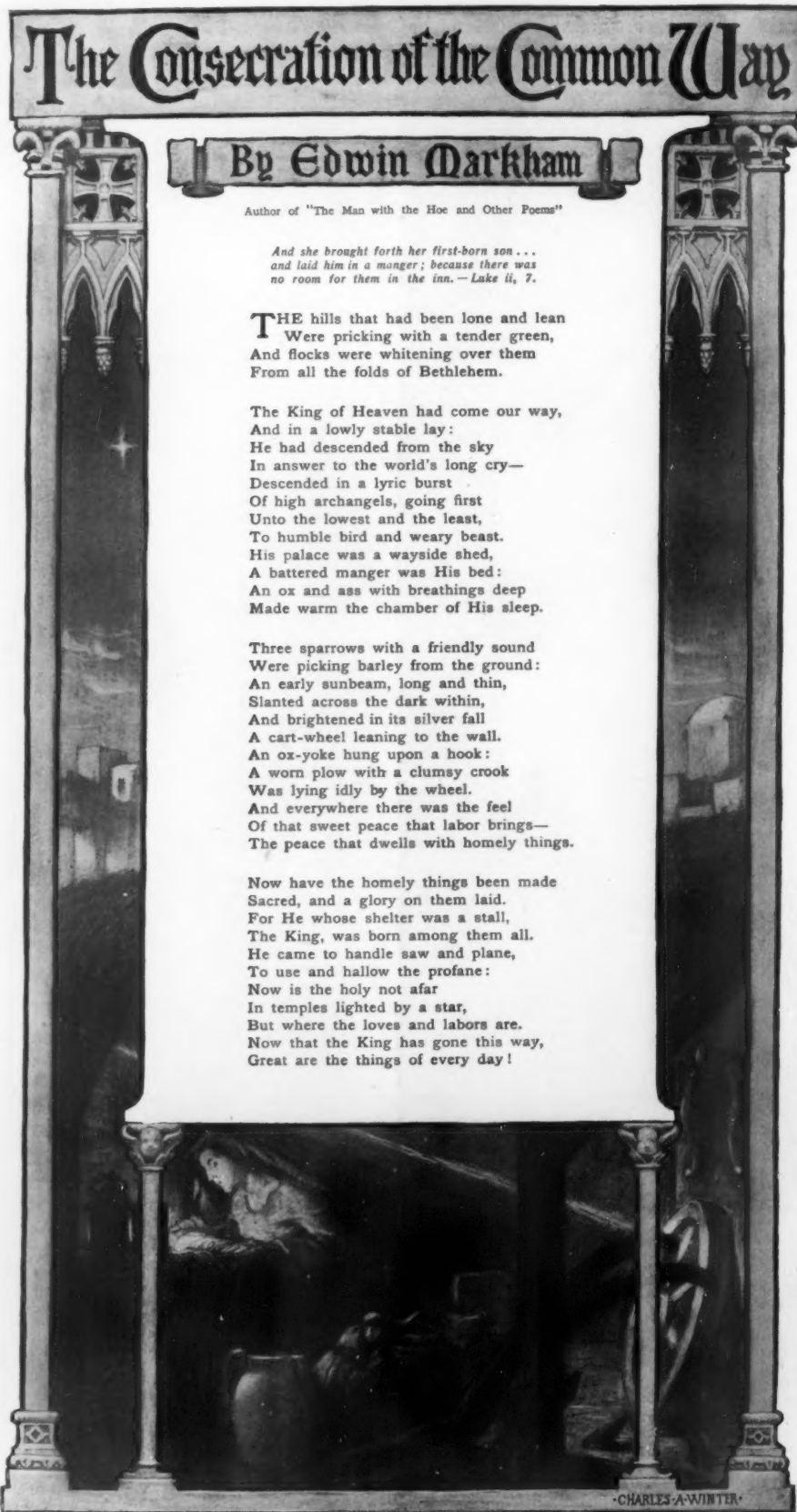
They were reading the President's message. In each of the two chambers, the length of two city blocks apart, in the opposite wings of the great gray Capitol, the clerk's voice droned monotonously on. The House was almost empty—the members, downstairs at lunch, showing their constituents the wonderful map where they could tell just what kind of weather the folks were having at home, and which way the wind was blowing there; or the six-toed Indian in the Pocahontas picture, or the new statue of Senator Ingalls in his marble overcoat; or in the cloak-rooms and committee-rooms talking post-offices and the bills that were to come, and Uncle Joe's suggestions that there was already a "gap of \$30,000,000 between the vest and the pants," and wondering where that new public building for the county seat was going to come in. The reading droned steadily on—"labor unions—

railroads—rural deliveries"—a fresh voice taking up the strain as a tired clerk sat down. A few spectators stared sleepily from the galleries—the sort who go to public libraries and read papers all day to keep warm. In the "Black Belt," just over the clock across the room from "Uncle Joe"—who stood erect, looking straight ahead, with very much the same expression as that of an aged eagle on a perch—a dozen or so dusky faces showed in the shadow.

Hearst's quaint journals, lounged back in his chair behind an open newspaper; Smoot, the Mormon, his desk covered with papers, wrote steadily and painstakingly, as might some careful shopkeeper auditing his accounts; Platt of Connecticut, his sad, world-weary face like parchment, gazed off into space; Gorman gazed, too, but with a certain austere amusement, as though he half heard, and vaguely smiles at what was being said. The rest, for the most part, read. Beveridge, who so looks the part of the youthful stage statesman that he seems always to be giving an imitation of himself, bent his brows on the message mightily, his chin resting on his right hand, the first finger extending upward along his cheek in the manner of one posing for the portrait—"In My Study" or "Among My Books." The Vice-President-elect, tall even sitting down, straight and cold as an iron rod, read steadily; not as one who enthuses, enjoys, or necessarily for the moment understands, but as one who appreciates his responsibilities and will observe the conventions and appear decorous whatever falls. Lodge wrinkled his forehead, appeared restless and bored, as though he had known all this before. Red-faced, twinkling-eyed Tillman came over to sit by Allison of Iowa, looking like a good-humored horse-dealer talking to Santa Claus. He clapped his glasses on his nose and read in an undertone from the message, following the lines with a stubby forefinger. Then he looked up, chuckled and jabbed his colleague in the ribs, and the venerable leader turned and wagged his head and beamed very much as a great St. Bernard begins slowly to pant when he is petted. You could not but speculate on what part of the message they were reading and wonder how close the Iowa leader was getting to making a categorical statement. Some one tried to get him to make one once on a bet. There were some sheep, recently sheared, passing in the road. "Fine sheep those, Senator!" "Um," observed Mr. Allison, "they seem to be—a—healthy animals." "Just sheared, aren't they?" "Um," speculated Mr. Allison, "One would—a—think so. At least, they are sheared on this side." "Extravagance in printing, agriculture, census of live stock, naturalization—" As the clerk read, "First and foremost, let us remember that the question of being a good American has nothing whatever to do with a man's birthplace, any more than it has to do with his creed," you wondered what Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota was thinking—old Knute, who was born in Norway back in '49, and who has fought his way up through the ranks from the very bottom as so many of his blue-eyed countrymen are fighting their way now out there in our big Northwest. "Elections—Navy—Monroe Doctrine—Philippines—"

Suddenly the murmur stopped and the message was done. In a moment the motion to adjourn was made and the preliminaries of getting down to work in Congress were over. The next morning in the chamber, at the other end of the Capitol, industrious Representatives began to cut the traditional sluiceways through which the wealth

of the Treasury might begin to flow out into the creeks and bays of their home districts, and in the Senate the Platt bill for reducing the representation of Southern States was introduced. Ironical smiles played across the faces of the minority members as their startling recommendations were droned off by the clerk; two or three, rising to ask "for my information," fired stray skirmish shots. The garden party was over. Business had begun and there was trouble to come.



The Consecration of the Common Way

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems"

*And she brought forth her first-born son . . .
and laid him in a manger; because there was
no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii, 7.*

THE hills that had been lone and lean
Were pricking with a tender green,
And flocks were whitening over them
From all the folds of Bethlehem.

The King of Heaven had come our way,
And in a lowly stable lay:
He had descended from the sky
In answer to the world's long cry—
Descended in a lyric burst
Of high archangels, going first
Unto the lowest and the least,
To humble bird and weary beast.
His palace was a wayside shed,
A battered manger was His bed:
An ox and ass with breathings deep
Made warm the chamber of His sleep.

Three sparrows with a friendly sound
Were picking barley from the ground:
An early sunbeam, long and thin,
Slanted across the dark within,
And brightened in its silver fall
A cart-wheel leaning to the wall.
An ox-yoke hung upon a hook:
A worn plow with a clumsy crook
Was lying idly by the wheel.
And everywhere there was the feel
Of that sweet peace that labor brings—
The peace that dwells with homely things.

Now have the homely things been made
Sacred, and a glory on them laid.
For He whose shelter was a stall,
The King, was born among them all.
He came to handle saw and plane,
To use and hallow the profane:
Now is the holy not afar
In temples lighted by a star,
But where the loves and labors are.
Now that the King has gone this way,
Great are the things of every day!

In the Senate, however, the desks were nearly filled. In the diplomatic gallery some young secretary prattled to two pretty foreign-looking women about the gray heads below, pointing now and then with the head of his stick. There was a copy of the message on every desk, and most of them were being read. Wetmore of Rhode Island, however, who precisely resembles the pictures of the ponderous, self-satisfied, good-humored "Trust" which appear in Representative

THE PREVENTING OF LEVIATHAN



An Object Lesson in Sublime Faith

By Filson Young

Illustrated by Edwin B. Child



Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? . . .
I will not keep silence concerning his limbs,
Nor his mighty strength, nor his comely proportion. . . .
Who can open the doors of his face?
Round about his teeth is terror. . . .
His neesings flash forth light,
And his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.
Out of his mouth go burning torches,
And sparks of fire leap forth.
Out of his nostrils a smoke goeth,
As of a seething pot and burning rushes.
His breath kindleth coals,
And a flame goeth forth from his mouth.
In his neck abideth strength,
And terror danceth before him.—Job.

MICKY DALE lived in the seventieth of seventy-two mean little cottage villas that stretched outward from the heart of the smoke-begrimed Junction town dedicated to the purposes of the railroad.

His position was one of some importance. His father was an express engineer, and every second day roared through the Junction at the head of the Limited—ninety miles in ninety-nine minutes, except when it was done in ninety-eight. On the other days he took the local down as far as the Junction, and there rested in the bosom of his family what time the 2036, the Leviathan—a "flier" of the new sort, as graceful as a greyhound, with mighty six-foot driving-wheels and grandly curving compound cylinders—was being raked out and cleaned and oiled and watered and coaled in readiness for her outward journey the next day to the far-away town whence she returned, as above set forth, on her flying swoop to Chicago.

A further distinction of Micky's was that since the day of his birth he had not spoken. His ears were sharp enough, as were all his senses; but the unruly member that causes most of us such grievous trouble had in his case never been geared up to its work, with the result, among other things, that Micky did not go to school in the ordinary sense. He went for an hour or two each day to a strange place where he learned to telegraph his thoughts upon his fingers, and to string colored balls upon a wire with certain alleged numerical results, and to sit patiently while a gentle old lady read to him a number of profoundly uninteresting facts. But for the rest of the day he was free to do very much as he liked. And Micky's nine years of life had revealed nothing that he liked better than the road. Every one knew him and was kind to him; in the switching yards and in the roundhouse he bore a charmed life, and wherever two or three wearers of oily overalls were gathered together, Micky was welcomed. These were his own people; but even the loftier race of trainmen who wore blue and gold uniforms—inspectors, station agents, and such like—even the officials in store clothes, failed to frown upon him or to chivy him away when he wandered upon the wide sweeping platform of the Junction, or other places sacred to the public.

The result was that Micky knew a great many things that are hidden from the wise and prudent, and even from little boys who enjoy the doubtful gift of speech. He knew the exact importance of the lead and lap of a valve, the use of the three-way cock, the purpose of links and rocker arms; he knew how to couple (and how not to uncouple) an air pipe, how to sand a slippery road, and how best to pull out with a heavy load of a frosty morning. He knew in imagination the exact feel on the footplate of a loose coupling seven coaches back; he knew the use of slash-bars and the manner of locking a cross-over road, and the vanity of pivoted slots as an element in signal interlocking. He knew the folly of attempting to pull off the down home signal at the Junction while the "Main up" was "On," and he knew also (although he was too small to do it) the exact point in the quadrant of a green distant-signal lever at which all the weight must be exerted if three-quarters of a mile of wire is to pull and not merely to stretch. He knew the speech of the telegraph as well as the speech of men, and there was no signal of the bell code that did not instantly convey a clear

message to him, whether of a slow freight, an express passenger, a light engine, or a signal sent in error. In a word, he knew a thousand things that have to be known in order that you may travel in safety from Chicago to St. Paul, but which we pay other people to know for us. Micky was, one of the great Unpaid—the people who know things for the pure love of knowing them, and to whom some obscure piece of technical information is a possession and a joy forever.

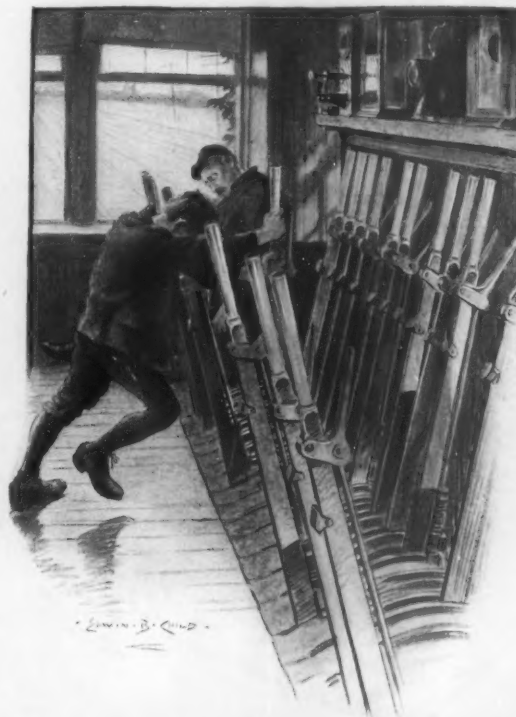
Micky's mother was too much occupied with his five little brothers and sisters to pay much attention to Micky, and, indeed, he belonged almost as much to the road as to his own home. As soon as his light tasks were finished he would be off; either townward to the Junction, there (if it was one of his father's days off) to await the arrival of Leviathan, and to ride round with her to the roundhouse, manning the airbrake for all he was worth, so as to stop her nicely on the turntable; or outward along the country road to the South Cutting signal tower, where, if his especial chum, Jack Carter, were on duty, he would take over entire charge of the signaling arrangements, leaving Jack the merely brute task of working the distant signal levers. Or at other times the amiable driver of a work-train engine would take him some ten miles down or up the road where there was switching to be done, and, being lifted up, he would make cock crows on the whistle in a manner that would have deceived the oldest flagman on the road. There were glorious spring days that he would spend with the plate layers, and sit among the primroses on the bank and keep a watchful eye on the up and down signals, or himself take a hand at the tightening of fishplates and step slowly and with a bored expression (be sure the last of the gang) off the track as an express thundered by and fluttered his tousled hair. There were dinners shared with friendly brakemen in way cars of freight trains that waited while many expresses went by and mingled their warm railway smell with the scent of primroses and violets, and there were winter afternoon excursions with lampmen, giddy climbs to signal arms,

and evenings rounded off in conclaves before the sand-room fire.

The result of all this was that some twenty miles of the road, with its manifold and punctual life, lay mapped out in Micky's mind like a sea chart. He knew no geography except that of his own part of the road, but that he knew well. He had but to shut his eyes, and he saw the track that at the Junction spread out into a maze of lines, like the full score of an opera, contract at either end to the shining four-track ribbons of steel that led to the world. Every curve and culvert and bridge lay open to his eyes; the orchards, the meadows, the woods, and the sleepy villages through which the steel pathway was laid; the nearest point at which a view of the distant signal could be obtained—these were all accurately present to his mental vision. The position of every train within his zone was known to him, and even when the road lay quiet and deserted in the sunshine, signals up and signalmen reading beside their tower lamps, there was something magnetic in the straight or grandly curving steel road that never failed to move and thrill him.

There was a grassy bank below the section house where, when Jack Carter was off duty at South Cutting, and the night man was more than usually grumpy over the "Brotherhood Journal," Micky loved to lie with his head on the ground not three feet from the rails. Thither he would repair some ten minutes before his father was due, and listen to the hum of the telegraph wires. He could see the distant signal suddenly dip its head, and then would listen for the first far-away throb of Leviathan. Now the ground begins to tremble, now the feather of steam appears over the orchard, and now, with a steadily increasing roar, the Limited is coming down upon him. He could just see the dear outline of the swaying, jumping engine, with his father's face silhouetted against the cab window, when with a yell and a deafening clatter the train would scream past him. A whirl of dust, a swoop of following paper, and she was dwindling in the distance. And then with a tingle of wire the placid distant signal, that had been staring at Micky with its chin sunk on its chest, would stretch its easy neck and regard the horizon as though nothing had happened. And the eight steel ribbons would sleep and shimmer in the sun again, and the telegraph wires would ring, and Micky would feel very happy.

Most of all he loved the long, grimy, happy afternoons spent in the roundhouse when Leviathan, all covered with brown rusty mire, would be given over to the cleaners. Micky worshiped the huge machine as though it had been a god, and loved it like a brother. He would fondle with his hands such of the mighty steel limbs as were within his reach; he would clamber upon the new-washed footplate and drive her in imagination to the end of the world, with his reversing lever well notched up, and the injector so adjusted that the half a turn either way would keep the boiler full on—up or down grades. He had never been frightened, so he was never afraid. He crawled, in place of the boys hired for that purpose, into the empty fire-box while it was still reverberating with the waning heat, and removed the clinkers and readjusted the grate bars; he climbed into the oily motion until his stomach was resting on a big-end, and drank in the warm atmosphere of machinery, and pored upon Leviathan's mysterious bowels. In some respects Micky was not at all a wise little boy. It never occurred to him, for example, that Leviathan was not a sentient creature. To him she was a kind of beast, wild to all the world, but tame to his father, Dick the fireman, old Jake the foreman, Moses the boss wiper, and most of all to himself. He was as unafraid of her as though she had been a Newfoundland puppy. His heart warmed in her neighborhood, and his constant delight was to be given a tender wheel to clean, when he would ply his dab of oily waste to a strange crooning, sizzling accompaniment, akin to the note of the groom. It was firmly fixed in his mind that Leviathan was incapable of hurting him, and although he heard now and then of bruises and worse, he always associated such accidents rather with insufficient familiarity than with the brute laws of force and chance.



Micky left him and flew to the signal levers to throw them up



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CHRISTMAS

DRAWN BY CHARLES



TMAS TIME

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

PRINT IN BINDING

His highest pleasure of all was, when Leviathan had been fired up and stood bubbling and simmering in the shed, to ride round, perched on the tool-locker, when his father went to hook on to his train. With what love and pride, and intimate sympathy, he then regarded Leviathan as she stood, her black coat polished and patterned, her brass and steel all shining, herself warm and oily, and screaming through her safety-valves with impatience! How, after the conductor's signal, his ears drank in the first sonorous purr of her exhaust as the fire was drawn up into a roar and she felt the load behind her! The world always seemed a little empty to Micky as Leviathan majestically took the frogs and swung herself out of sight. Yet he was destined to control her in full career, and this is how it happened.

One July morning, Micky betook himself along the country road toward the signal cabin at South Cutting. The day was hot and windless; the roadsides were covered with white dust, and Micky panted and perspired as he made haste along the way. There was no reason why he should make haste, except that his heart was jumping with the joy of a summer morning filled with pleasant possibilities. Jack Carter was on duty, and Jack had not been well lately, and allowed Micky the whole working of the signals—except the distant levers, which were beyond his small strength. It was a Saturday morning, and Jake Morgan, who pulled freights, was due at 12:13, when Micky would certainly be allowed to assist at the dropping of two empty boxes; there were—oh, a dozen of the things any one of which is enough to fill the heart of nine years and to overflowing with joy and interest.

The signals were down when he reached the tower, and Micky, who knew better than to be seen ascending the stairs in full view of a passenger train that might contain the superintendent, waited among the dandelions until she had clattered by in a hot wind and cloud of dust. Then he climbed over the wooden paling, dropped on to the road, went up the wooden stairs and into the tower.

"Mornin', Micky," said Jack, who looked rather queer and sick, and in answer to the expressive inquiry on Micky's face, added, "No, I can't say as I'm any better; it's this bilin' heat as knocks me out. Anyway, I can set in my chair a bit now you've come. That's the ten-forty-four; there's nothing until the eleven-thirty east, and she ain't been signaled yet." And Jack Carter sank into that kind of wakeful doze which all signalmen in lonely towers know—a doze from which the slightest click or whisper of the instruments can summon them.

Micky beamed with delight. He was sorry for Jack, of course, but Jack seemed pretty comfortable. Not being a doctor, Micky did not observe a certain appearance of Jack's "gills" and eyes which indicated the wisdom of his express conveyance to a hospital. He merely thanked his little gods that he was left practically in sole charge of a signal tower, and that the sun was shining.

He went about the place as softly as a bird. The four-and-thirty levers leaned forward like guns on a rack—all except the two blue locking-bars, which leaned back. Above them, the row of instruments on the shelf regarded him with grim faces on which the needles pointed lifelessly to "Road closed." Under the windows was the painted plan of the road and the signals, and below it the long blackboard containing in white letters opposite each numbered lever a description of its business: "Fast East, No. 1, 1200 yards"—"Fast East, No. 2, 790 yards"—"Slow East starting"—"Fast West from Slow"—"Slow West from siding," and so on. Micky knew them all off by heart, and knew what they meant, too. Behind him the wall was covered with cards of bell codes, fog-signal regulations, warnings, additional time tables, instructions for hand signaling, and pictures from the colored supplements. In a corner was the telegraph, a locker for flags and stores, and a desk for the time book.

The clock ticked in the sunny silence. Now and then swallows would twitter and chirp under the eaves; and then the telegraph would begin to tick out some uninteresting circuit message; now and then the man in the chair by the window would grunt or sigh, but it was very quiet. Micky went over all the steel handles with a bunch of waste, and, when they were done, over the shining, saucer-like bells, and when these occupations were exhausted he went and leaned out of the window, breathing delightedly the warm, fragrant air. The cutting was a very shallow one, and its sandy sides sloped gradually down to the level of the line. Away to the west the four shining tracks went straight into perspective until they were lost in the shimmering haze; but two hundred yards east of the tower they whipped round under an orchard-covered bank like a cat's tail and disappeared. Over all the fields the haze of heat shimmered and trembled. How much better—

"Ding!" Micky flew round to the far end of the instrument shelf, and pressed the knob in reply. "Ding, ding, ding, ding," went the bell, and "Chunka, chunka, chunka—chunka," went Micky's podgy palm, finishing with a half-turn of the wrist that left his needle at "Road clear." Then round to the opposite end of the shelf, where he pressed the knob of the corresponding instrument. A longer pause this time, while the man in the Four Trees crossing tower, nearly three miles up the road, got up from his chair and walked across the floor. "Kong," came the reply, and "Chunka, chunka, chunka—chunka" again went the small fist, and "Kong, kong, kong—kong" came the answer, followed by the swinging of the Four Trees indicator to "Road clear." All of which, being interpreted, means that some seven miles down the road an ordinary passenger train was hastening on its way; that Micky had accepted it; that the next tower had ac-

cepted it, and that the signals could now be lowered to permit its passage.

Micky, with a glance at the lethargic man who now struggled out of his chair and went to the time book, laid hold of the west starting signal, and, bracing himself on the slippery quadrant, pulled it "Off." But this was as far as he could go; it needed Jack Carter's weight and strength to haul over the lever of the two distant signals, with their long wires and heavy counterweights. And here it is to be noted that the young and enthusiastic signaling engineer had invented, patented, and caused to be introduced into all main road signal towers a new locking bar, which had to be put "On" after all the fast road signals were down, and "Off" before they could be let up. It annoyed Micky particularly, because it was very stiff, and necessitated the assistance of Jack Carter before Micky could throw up the signals after a train had passed. Its purpose was admirable; it locked all the sidings and cross-over roads with the fast road signals; but then you had to remember to pull it over. *Wherein lies the one little defect of the block system so long as you have to depend on a human being at the handle end of it.*

Jack Carter, sweating from his exertions and from weakness, sank back into his chair, and there followed another pause, filled with silence and heat. Micky stood watching the clock as the minutes crept by, until two sharp beats on the Junction bell summoned him again to the instrument, which he turned to "Train on road." He knew it had left the Junction, and watched



He trotted on and refused to turn his head

for its appearance round the curve. As soon as he saw the steam billowing among the trees he released the catches of the distant signal levers, which slammed over with a crash that shook the tower. (This train was on the slow road, remember, so the objectionable locking bar was not in the way.) At the same time he gave two strokes on the knob of the instrument communicating with Four Trees crossing, and waited until the needle turned to "Train on road." The train, a poor thing with a yard engine, snorted and clanked and rumbled by, Micky throwing up his signals one by one as the way car passed them. He was scrupulously careful to wait until it had passed, because once he had thrown up a signal before the engine had barely passed it, producing thereby an angry whistling, and a storm of yellow paper that raged between the South Cutting tower and headquarters for a month afterward. Then he rang "Road clear"—two strokes followed by one—to the Junction, which replied by a single stroke and a turning of its needle first to "Road clear" and then to "Road closed." A minute afterward he received a similar signal from Four Trees crossing, and gave a similar reply; the needles all stood upright, the road slept again, and there was a great peace.

DO not marvel, incredulous reader, that the comings and goings of express trains should thus be controlled by babes. More often than you think, when you are storming across this continent, and churches and factories, villages and quiet fields, are fleeing past your vision, you are being handed on from point to point by entirely unauthorized persons, and with complete safety. More often than you think, moreover, your rushing destinies are in the hands of that arch meddler, that imp of mischief, the Small Boy. Again with perfect safety. The fact that signal towers and telegraph offices are prohibited places, and advertise the prohibition in their windows, would alone ensure their popu-

larity; but the fact that in them levers are worked, electric instruments manipulated, and the intimate life of railways observed and controlled, places them on a pinnacle of boyish favor. This, if you are a traveler, may cast you down; but when you remember that there is no passion of concentration, no lust for technical perfection, no abandoned absorption equal to that exercised by the Small Boy in a forbidden task, you may take heart again, and believe that, under the supervision of an authorized signalman, the evolutions necessary for your safety will be performed with zest and an unholy zeal for scrupulous and punctual detail.

Now, all the things that Micky did in the signal tower that summer morning—all the signals he sent and received, all the trains that went by in safety under his hand, all his traffickings with a freight train that had to be switched—would make an interesting story, but it is not this story. Enough to say that for three hours he toiled swiftly and joyfully in the increasing heat, while poor Jack Carter began to look more and more queer, and to talk of telegraphing for the relief man. But as Micky took everything off his hands except the locking bars and distant, he made shift to struggle along until two o'clock, when he would be relieved as usual and could go home. But the sun, striking vertically down upon the tower, began to make him feel giddier and sicker every moment, and at 1:30, when the Eastbound Limited, in charge of Micky's father and Leviathan, was "signaled" from the Junction, he had barely strength to pull off the levers, and to struggle back and collapse into his chair. And then he began to feel very drowsy.

Observe in this place how two currents of purely fortuitous circumstance may cross and fuse into a lurid possibility. Somewhere in Chicago some vast building operation was in progress on the Lake front, which necessitated the use of enormous piles of heavy timber. The contractor ran short of this timber, and his work threatened to come to a standstill. So he telegraphed to a timber merchant in a Northwestern town to send him a certain number by rail without delay. The timber merchant hustled the freight traffic manager, the freight traffic manager hustled the assistant traffic manager, the assistant traffic manager hustled the yard superintendent, the yard superintendent hustled the loading foreman, and the foreman hustled the gang, with the result that one of them, when the last of the long logs had been swung upon the wide flats, failed to hammer home with his mallet the last hook of the last chain that bound them to the car. The other current began in a cheery microbe which found itself on a recent holiday upon Jack Carter's red pocket-handkerchief, whence it was snuffed up into his nose, coiled itself comfortably up in his inside, and, obeying the divine command, began to be fruitful and multiply. The result of its highly complicated operations was that the works of Jack Carter's body were brought up with a round turn at 1:32 P.M. on this July day, what time the freight train with the long timbers approached on its journey to Chicago that section of the road controlled from Jack Carter's signal-box.

The freight train, as is the fate of freight trains, had in the course of its fifteen hundred and fifty mile journey been subjected to many humiliations. It had been required to wait while slow passenger trains got in front of it and delayed it by innumerable stoppages at small stations. It had been switched at unimportant sidings to pick up unimportant cars; it had been held up here and sidetracked there, all because some fussy yard engine wanted to cross the road in front of it; it had, when things seemed to be going nicely and there appeared to be a chance of a good run, had signals thrown up in its very face. On the occasion of one of the last of these affronts, it had been pulled up with a series of jerks and jars which, completing the effect of seven hours of jolting, neatly undid the hook which the laborer already mentioned had failed to hammer home. So that the great sixty-foot logs, each weighing several tons, were now secured only at one end, and, half-inch by half-inch, began to spread themselves out. And the top one wobbled.

Let us now, without an unseemly hurrying to conclusions, observe the circumstances in the South Cutting signal tower at 1:32 P.M. The signals for the East Slow road had been "Off" for some time, and the freight train had been already signaled "On road" from the Junction. The signals on the East Fast road had, as we know, been also pulled off for the passage of the Limited due to pass at 1:43. There was nothing coming on either of the West roads. For two minutes there brooded over the tower the last interval of peace it was destined to know that day. Jack Carter was breathing heavily, with his eyes shut, in his chair, and Micky, who had opened all the windows, and who was becoming rather concerned at Jack Carter's silence and queer, sleepy behavior, stood by the instruments with an anxious expression on his red, perspiring little face. Outside there was not a sound, but of the birds that chattered and chirruped in the sunshine or cheeped under the eaves. The rails shone and expanded in the heat; the corn in the field stood still and drowsed, the poppies flared on the banks, and within in the silence the clock ticked. For two minutes the spell remained unbroken, until the rumble of the approaching freight train made itself heard, and there was once more an outbreak of clamor as the signal levers slammed over under Micky's releasing touch, the bells rang, and the long uneven monster clanked and panted past, Micky curiously regarding the giant timbers on the great flat cars. Micky gave "Road clear" to the Junction, and "On road" to Four Trees siding, and then waited for news of his father.

But we will follow the freight train. It went on its laborious way up the road until, two miles beyond

South Cutting, it reached the top of the "bank." There was now a steep down grade, and beyond it a sharp curve, so the driver of the freight train shut off steam as his way car topped the bank, and applied his brakes. It was done a little suddenly—suddenly enough to give the last impulse needed to send the top timber wabbling off its balance just as the train began to take the curve. The huge log rolled down. One end was driven into the ground, ditching the car, and, in obedience to certain elementary laws of gravity and centrifugal forces, the derailed car, pulling suddenly on a curve against the momentum of the train, dragged two empty coal cars after it, which in their turn derailed the caboose. One of the long timbers walloped off the pile and crashed across the Eastbound Fast road.

The engineer jumped down and hurried back toward the wreckage, where he met the conductor hurrying up from the rear of the train. They looked at each other for a second.

"Here's a picnic," said the driver, "and no mistake. It's a case of send for the wrecker."

A second later they both saw that the Eastbound Fast signals were off, and remembered the Limited.

"Run, Billy, run like the devil to the tower!" shouted the driver to his fireman; the rear brakeman flew back to flag the flier.

The regulations provide for such emergencies with much care and forethought, but in this case there was not much time to spare. The Slow roads were laid outside the Fast roads, hence in this case the danger of a breakdown that fouled the adjoining set of rails. Fortunately, however, the smash occurred barely four hundred yards away from a tower, and the fireman was soon there with his message. In fact, he delivered it at 1:39.

And one second later, Micky, who had been making ineffectual efforts to wake up Jack Carter in the South Cutting box three miles down the road, was startled by the "canceling" message ringing on the Four Trees instrument. Before he had time to pass it on, the telegraph began hurriedly to click out "C R. C R. C R."—the call for South Cutting. Micky, who began to feel a little crowded, and to realize that here was some complication beyond his experience, ran to Jack and shook his arm violently. But the man was obviously ill; he had a queer mottled look, and only settled down deeper into his chair, breathing noisily. And again the telegraph began to call.

Micky in despair hurried to it and gave the answering signal. Then, letter by letter, came the alarming message, "East—Fast—road—fouled—at—Four Trees—stop—Limited." Micky was railway wise enough to realize quickly the grave import of the message and the absolute necessity of stopping the express at all costs. All this crowded into his head as he read the final letters, and just as "D" had clicked out and he was pressing the key in acknowledgment his heart jumped right into his mouth.

For from the instrument shelf he heard the tiny click given by an electric bell signal when it is about to

speak, and the same second, "Ding! ding!"—clearly, trenchantly beating on the silence, with the startling suddenness of inanimate mechanical things actuated from a distance, the Junction bell sent its message of ruin and death: "Train on road"—the Limited! His father's train!

The next things happened very quickly. In an ecstasy of terror Micky rushed to the man in the chair, who must be roused at all costs. He pulled at his arms, at last he slapped him on the face with his open palm. But it was like slapping a side of bacon; the man only settled down into the chair in a grotesque, drunken attitude.

Micky left him and flew to the signal levers to throw them up. But not one of them would move. Of course! the hideous blue locking bar leaned derisively over where Carter had pulled it ten minutes before. One short, frantic struggle convinced Micky that it was immovable by him. And all this took place in ten seconds from the ringing of the "Train on road" signal. Micky's heart leaped and fluttered like a bird in his breast; the sweat ran into his eyes as the hot tears began to flow out of them.

Suddenly he remembered Leviathan! In a moment this strange little person gave up being a man, cast his worldly wisdom to the winds and became a little child again. Leviathan would not hurt him; she would stop for him. They were friends, and if she saw him in front of her she would certainly stop. He never thought of his father but as an implacable being who made time, and allowed no tender affections to interfere with that religion of an express engineer. But Leviathan was different—she would understand.

Like a streak of lightning he was out through the door, down the stairs, over the rail, and running for his life down the Eastbound passenger track to meet the express, his eyes blinded, his throat choking, and his heart almost bursting with excitement. He ran and stumbled over the ties, and ran and stumbled again like a child demented. Already in the distance he could hear the steady, throbbing roar of Leviathan ramping along with that easy, swaying motion peculiar to heavy engines with a rather high centre of gravity when traveling at express speed along a well-ballasted road. Now he could see her at the far end of the long, shining tangent, now she saw him, and began a sharp, alarmed whistling. Micky kept thinking hard to himself, "She won't hurt me, she won't hurt me, she can't hurt me." But still she came on, swallowing the ground.

When she was five hundred yards away, Micky stopped, turned round, and began deliberately to trot back again in front of the thundering train. The whistling continued, and Micky knew by the shuddering vibration of the rails that the brakes were being put on. But heavy trains traveling at 59.7 miles per hour are not pulled up all at once, and in another minute Leviathan seemed to Micky to be close upon him, roaring through her safety valves, screaming through her whistle. Still, stifling the fear that would creep

into his heart, he trotted on and refused to turn his head and look back. He put his trust in Leviathan.

And that is why the passengers sitting at lunch in the Limited, and trying to warm the roast mutton against the baked potatoes, suddenly found their plates, knives, forks, and glasses beginning to travel across the table by little jumps into their laps. And that is why the attendants, those strange creatures between a ship's steward and a ticket collector, had to hold on by the backs of seats while the gravy climbed out of the tureens up their sleeves. And that is why divers old ladies in the train were exceedingly alarmed, and huddled themselves helplessly against the cushions while the brake-shoes bit and ground, and the whole tonnage of the train groaned and travailed in the grip of a power that was less than air.

It was a close thing—so close that Micky had one moment's distrust and agonizing doubt as he felt Leviathan's hot breath upon his neck; so close that when the last turn had been given to the airbrakes, and half the wheels of the train were locked, she still came sliding and skidding along; so close that when she did come to a stand the pilot was lumping against Micky's calves. Not until then did he pause and turn round, lifted up his arms toward the warm, trembling machine, and dropped with—yes, *with a cry*. And as Sam Dale left the cab and came tearing round to lift up his son, the frantic figure of a flagman appeared running round the curve, violently waving a red flag.

BUT express trains are stayed by nothing except wholesale death, and in three minutes she was off again, proceeding gingerly on the down road toward the wreckage. The freight conductor had explained some things, and Jack Carter's relief, who arrived at the same time, explained the rest. They got the sick signalman to the hospital just in time, where he lay for a fortnight unconscious while the storms of reports, queries, memoranda, schedules, reprimands, and affidavits passed harmlessly over his head.

And Micky! Micky lay comfortably on the cushions in an empty drawing-room on the Limited. They had given him tickly stuff to drink, that burned his throat, and lighted a fire in his inside, and made him feel drowsy. He was still tingling with the sensation of the strange shout he had uttered, and, fearfully and cautiously, making quiet experimental noises in his throat.

From where he lay he could hear the clickity-click as they crossed the switches, swung back to their own road again, and began gathering speed to make up the lost ten minutes. And from the top of her smokestack, which he could not see, Leviathan sang to him this song:

Micky Dale, Micky Dale, Micky Dale, Micky Dale!
Won't you come, won't you come, won't you come with me?
When my clacks are all a-clatter and the clinders all a-scatter,
What's a mile or more the matter, if you come with me!

And he drowsed happily.



THE THREE



By MAURICE SMILEY

I SAW THREE walking and of all I loved
The Second best, the likeliest unto me.
The First had fellowship with brutes and on
His brow was stamped the brand of hate and sin.
No pain of penitence was in his eyes;
No dream of higher things was in his heart.
He knew no law but Self and never gazed
Above the mire. With ravening hand he struck
His climbing comrade down and snatched the
prize
Of Life at cost of others' pain. He drained
The cup of pleasure with a swinish zest,
Despite his brother's thirst, whom from the feast
He dashed aside with gnashing, snarling greed.—
I could not love this First, that never knew
A throb of softness nor the kindly pang
Of pity—even tho' I saw in him
What once I was.—For he was Yesterday.

The Third was nobler than the highest dream
Of all I longed to be. Upon his head
There fell the light of utter good. He went
Serene and whitely in a way that had
No thorns or stumbling. With a gentle hand
He helped each climber to a higher place
And with compassion's tender touch he balm'd
The wounds of falling. In his heart there was
No thought of ill, for all desire was gone
And only Love's divine absolving left,
That pardoned every weaker's fault. He saw
The lower, yet he chose the higher, path
And longed to see all feet set fast therein.
He trod the earth yet looked upon the stars.
And this bright, purged, winged walker was
To-morrow—what I might be but was not.

But ah, the Second! How my heart went out
To him! He walked an upward way, yet oft
He fell, but rose a little higher on
For every fall. Upon his face were many tears,
The tears of sorrow for the ill he did.
Yet still he evil wrought. But in his eyes
I saw the pain of weakness; in his heart
I heard a prayer for strength. He fixed his gaze
Upon the skies, yet oft his glances roved
And wavered to the earth. And many times
He ate the bitter ashen fruit when sweet
Was near at hand and often chose the road
To needless pain, when blossomed pathways stretched
Before. And so he staggered, stumbled, fell;
And rose and groped and clung and climbed; and loved
And hated, sighed and smiled and cursed and prayed
And sinned and sobbed and suffered and aspired.
And him I knew for what I am—To-day.



The Burglar and the Blizzard

The Christmas Adventure of a Country Gentleman, an Aristocratic Robber, and a Lady of Quality, told in Three Parts



By Alice Duer Miller Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

A number of country residences having been broken into and robbed near his estate, Geoffrey Holland determines to visit his own place to make sure that everything is secure. He arrives at night in a snowstorm and discovers a masked man in his library. The burglar proves to be a former schoolmate named McVay. Holland intends to keep McVay in the house until morning, when he will deliver him to the police, but the burglar explains that his sister is waiting for him in a hut a mile away. As the storm grows fiercer, Holland, although incredulous, consents to go for Miss McVay. He locks the burglar in a clothes closet and goes out into the storm. Miss McVay, her brother asserts, is ignorant of his criminal actions, believing him to be temporarily acting as a night watchman.

PART TWO

Geoffrey was born with a love of adventure, and his dislike to his present expedition arose not from fear, but from a consciousness that if he did run into a den of thieves he would think himself such an ass to have come. Indeed, there seemed a fair chance that he might think this even if nothing worse happened than that the hut proved empty, for he would have had a long walk for nothing better than to provide McVay with an opportunity to escape. He did not see exactly how McVay could get out, but he was aware that few people would think it wise to leave a burglar locked in a closet in an empty house with some hours of leisure at his disposal.

The first glimmering of dawn was visible as he stepped off the piazza; the wind was blowing fiercely and the snow still falling. He had not gone a hundred yards before he knew that the expedition was to be more difficult than he had imagined. To make headway against the wind was a constant struggle, and he seemed to slip back in the snow at every step. Still the natural obstinacy of his nature was aroused, and as his attention was more and more engaged with the endeavor to make his way, he had less time to think of the probable futility of his proceeding.

Long before he sighted the hut he was wet to the waist, not only because he had been in half a dozen drifts, but because the snow had penetrated every crevice of his clothing.

The hut was a forlorn little spot upon the landscape, a patch of gray on the stretch of forest and snow. A shutter blowing in the wind gave an impression of desolation, for how could any one, however wretched, sit idle under that recurrent bang?

Drawing his revolver, Geoffrey approached the door. He had no intention of giving a possible enemy an opportunity to prepare himself, and so did not knock, but putting his shoulder against the door shoved mightily. The hinges broke from the rotten wood at once and he stumbled in.

The pale light of the early winter morning showed a depressing interior, for the window was not the only opening. There was a great gap in the roof, where, earlier in the night, the chimney had fallen, and now its bricks littered the floor, already well covered with snow. Some attempt must have been made, as McVay had boasted, of "fixing it up"; there were books in the shelves on the walls, and a black iron stove on which the snow now lay fearlessly. As Geoffrey took in the situation, something in a huge chair, which he had taken for a heap of rugs, stirred and moved and finally rose, betraying itself to be a woman. Geoffrey had been prepared to find a den of thieves, or nothing at all, or even a girl, as McVay had said. He had told himself he would be surprised at nothing, yet found himself astounded, overwhelmed at the sight of a beautiful face.

The girl must have been beautiful so to triumph over her surroundings; for all sorts of strange garments

were huddled about her, and over all a silk coverlet, originally tied like a shawl under her chin, had slipped sidewise and fell like a hussar's jacket from one shoulder. Her hair stood like a dark halo about her little face, making it seem smaller and younger, almost too small for the magnificent eyes that lighted it. Geoffrey, tolerably well versed in feminine attractions, said to himself that he had never seen such blue eyes.

And suddenly, while he looked at her and her desperate plight, pity became in him a sort of fury of protection, the awakening of the masculine instinct toward beauty in distress. It was a feeling that the other women he had admired—well-fed, well-clothed, well-cared-for young creatures—had always signally failed to arouse. He had seen it in other men, had seen their hearts wrung because an able-bodied girl must take a trolley car instead of her father's carriage, but he himself had

not been able to find any tragedy. He had thought himself hard, perhaps unchivalrous, but now he knew better. Now he knew what it was to feel personally outraged at a woman's discomfort.

"Good God!" he cried, "what a night you have had. How wicked, how abominable, how criminal!"

"It has been a dreadful night," said the girl, "but it is nobody's fault."

"Of course, it is somebody's fault," answered Geoffrey. "It must be. Do you mean to tell me no one is to blame when I have been sitting all night with my feet on the fender and you—"

"Certainly," said she with an extraordinarily sweet smile. "I could wish we might have changed places."

"I wish to Heaven we might," returned Geoffrey, and meant it. Never before had he yearned to bear the sufferings of another. He had often seen that it was advisable, suitable, just that he should, but burningly to want to was a new experience.

"Thank you," said the girl, "but I'm afraid there is nothing to be done."

"Nothing to be done?" He dropped on his knees before the black monster of a stove. "Do you suppose I'm here to do nothing?"

"You are here, I think, for shelter from the storm." It had not occurred to him before that she looked upon him as a chance wanderer.

"That shows your ignorance of the situation. I am here to rescue you. I left my fireside for no other reason. As I came along I said at every blast, 'That poor, poor girl.' I set out to bring you to safety. I begin to think I was born for no other reason."

She smiled rather wearily: "Your coming at all is so strange that I could almost believe you."

"You may thoroughly believe me, more easily perhaps when I tell you I did not particularly want to come. I started out at dawn very cross and cold, because I did not know what I was going to find—"

"But I thought you said you did know that you were going to rescue a girl?"

"A girl, yes. But what's a mere girl? How many thousand girls have I seen in my life? Is that a thought to turn a man's head? What I did not know was that I was going to find you."

"The fire will never burn with the chimney strewn on the floor," she said mildly.

"Well, I've said it, you see," he answered, "and you won't forget it, even if you do change the subject." He turned his attention to the fire. Where is the man, worthy of the name, to whom the business of fire building is not serious?

Presently, seeing he needed help, she dropped to her knees beside him and tried to shove a piece of wood into place. In the process her numbed fingers touched his, and he instantly dropped everything to catch her hand in both of his.

"Your hands are as cold as ice," he said, holding them tightly, and thanking Fate that this bounty had fallen to his lot.

She withdrew them. "You are too conscientious," she said. "That is not part of the duty of a rescue party."

"It is, it is," said Geoffrey violently. "It is the merest humanity."

"Humanity?"

"To me, of course, if you will pin me down."

"Oh, there is no reason for the rescued to be humane."



He dropped on his knees before the stove

"They ought to be grateful."

"They are."

"Gratful then. Is it nothing that I have taken all the trouble to be born and grow up and live just to come here for you?"

"Perhaps I could be grateful if there were any prospect of a fire."

"Oh, curse the fire!" said Geoffrey, rising from his knees. "Who minds about it?"

"I mind very much."

"Well, you mustn't. You must not mind about anything, because it sets up too strong a reaction in me. There's no telling what I might not do under the stress. Come away from this wretched place. The fires will burn in my house, and that is where we are going."

"I can't do that," she said, looking very grave. "You can't do anything else."

"I must wait for my brother. He's out somewhere in this storm, and if he comes back and finds me gone—"

"Oh, your brother," said Geoffrey, "I forgot all about him. He's at my house already. He sent me for you."

"Oh," said she sighing with relief, and then added maliciously, "then my plight was not revealed to you in a vision?"

"The vision is with me now."

She had learned to perfection the art of allowing her mind to drift away when she thought it advisable.

"And so you took poor Billy in?" she said. Geoffrey coughed.

"Well, in a sense," he answered.

She rose. "We'll go at once," she said. "Is it far?"

"Not very, but it is going to be hard work."

He felt more practical. His delight had slipped from him at the realization of her relationship to McVay. For a moment he felt depressed; then, as he saw her struggling to undo the knot that held the comforter about her, he forgot everything but the pleasure of doing her service. And in the midst of this joy, the coverlet slid to the ground and revealed her clad from head to foot in his sister's sables.

There was a pause.

"What are you looking at?" she asked.

"That is a nice warm coat you have on."

"Isn't it?" she rubbed her cheek against the high collar with a tenderness trying to any masculine onlooker. "It saved my life."

It was on the tip of Geoffrey's tongue to ask if he was not entitled to a similar claim on her consideration, but he suppressed it. Was it possible that she did not know that the garments she wore were stolen? Could any sane woman really believe that sable coats fell naturally to the lot of night watchmen? Her manner was candid itself, but how should it not be? What more inevitable than that she should make an effort to deceive a casual stranger? She had the most evident motives for behaving exactly as she did. Just so, however, he had reasoned about McVay, and yet McVay had been sincere. There had been a girl in distress exactly as he had said. It was contrary to all reason, but it was true. Might not the girl be true too? Was it not possible, he asked himself, and answered that it was more than possible—it was the truth. He chose to believe in her, and turned his anger against McVay, who could drag her through such a mire. He felt the tragedy of a high-minded woman tricked out in stolen finery, and remembered with a pang that he himself was hurrying on the moment of disillusion.

"I wonder," she said, "if I could take some things with me. Is it impossible for me to carry a bag?"

"Yes, but not for me."

"It would be only this." She held a small Russia leather affair legibly marked with Mrs. Inness's initials. "I will take it," said Geoffrey. His faith was sorely tried.

She moved about collecting things and packing, and presently remarked: "But if Billy is all right, why didn't he come for me himself?"

"Oh, because—" Geoffrey hesitated an instant, and her fears interpreted the pause.

"He's hurt. You are keeping it from me. You are deceiving me."

"I would scorn to deceive you," said Geoffrey with passion, and looked at her to find some answer to the reverse question which he did not put into words.

She did not appear to understand.



Holland let McVay out of the closet

"Then why didn't he come?" she asked. "He had been out in the storm already. I thought it was my turn."

"I think you must be stronger than Billy," she cast a reflective glance at his shoulders, and he was ashamed to find himself inordinately flattered.

"He is really safe at your house?" "I hope so. I did my best," he returned grimly.

She looked at him gravely. "You have been very kind to a stranger," she said.

And at this point Geoffrey made the fatal mistake of his dealing with her. It did not occur to him that he was going to shield McVay, but he thought a more advantageous time could be found for telling her the truth, in case, of course, she did not know it already. He felt that he himself would be better able to deal a cold blow when she was warm and sheltered. No man, he said to himself, could be disagreeable to a girl who had no one to depend on but himself.

So he said: "He was not exactly a stranger to me. We were at school together."

"Oh, another of Billy's friends. I never knew such a person for discovering friends at the most opportune times. He never wants anything but what a friend turns up. Did you find him wandering about, or did he come and demand admittance?"

"Why, neither exactly. I was not in the house at the time. He felt he knew me well enough to walk in."

"He never told me he had a friend in the neighborhood."

"We have not met since we were at school."

"He had not seen you since he was at school, and yet he felt he knew you well enough to walk in on you!"

"Yes, he just walked in, and then I would not let him go."

"Men are so queer!" she exclaimed with a little laugh that had a spice of admiration in it, under which Geoffrey writhed. He was sailing under such false colors as her brother's benefactor.

"We ought to be starting," he said.

She looked round the room. "I hate to leave all these nice things," she said. "Billy is so fond

of them. There is some wine that some one gave him that he says is really priceless."

"Leave it," said Geoffrey shortly.

"One would think you were a teetotaler from that tone. I wonder if I could not take one bottle as a surprise to Billy. He would like to contribute something to your hospitality, I am sure. Besides, if I leave it, it may be stolen."

"Yes, it may be stolen." He looked down into her face.

"Then—"

"I ask you as a favor to leave it behind."

Nothing could have been more charming than her manner of yielding, sweet and quick like a caress. It made him feel how pitiful and sordid it all was.

They started immediately, started with a certain gayety. Geoffrey chose to remember only that they were together through a hard adventure, and that it was his part to smooth her way. The bond of difficulties to overcome united them. They felt the intimacy of a single absorbing interest. They had nothing to think of but accomplishing their task—of that, and of each other. As far as they could see were snow and black trunks of trees. They scarcely remembered that any one but themselves existed.

Now justly he could admire something besides her beauty. Her courage warmed his heart. Yet with all her spirit she made no attempt to assert her independence. She turned to him at every point. He guided her past the scenes of his own disasters, and saved her from the mistakes he had already made.

But only for a little while did they move forward in this delightful exhilaration. Before they had gone far she grew silent, and when she did answer him spoke less spontaneously. She asked for neither help nor encouragement, but plunged along as steadily as she was able. Her skirts, however, wet and heavy, hampered her desperately, and the exertion of walking through the thick snow began to tell. Geoffrey made her stop every now and then for a breathing spell, but at length she stopped of herself.

"Have we done half yet?" she asked.

"Just about," he answered, stretching truth in order to encourage her. But he saw at once that he had failed—that she had had a hope that they were nearer their destination—that she began to doubt her own powers. Presently she moved forward again in silence.

He began to be alarmed lest they should never reach his house, yet took comfort in the thought, as he looked at her, that whatever strength she had she would use to the end. No hysterical despair would exhaust her

beforehand. She would not fail through lack of determination. Whether or not she were the confederate of a thief, she was a brave woman, yes, and a beautiful one, he thought, looking down upon her in the glare of the snow.

Presently he held out his hand in silence, and she as silently took it. This was to Geoffrey the explanation of his whole life. This was what men were made for.

Once as they stood resting, the wind, which fortunately had been at their backs the entire trip, hurled her against him, where she remained an instant, too weak to move. It was he who set her gently on her feet again.

The latter part of the journey she made almost wholly by his help, and when they stood before the piazza she could not have managed the little step had he not virtually lifted her up. He took her directly to the library, and laid her on the sofa. The fire, owing to the absence of McVay, had gone out. It took Geoffrey some time with his benumbed hands to build a blaze. When he turned toward her again she was sleeping like a child.

The sight was too much for his own weariness, and reflecting that McVay was either gone or still safe, he stretched himself on the hearth-rug and was soon asleep also.

IV

IT WAS after two o'clock in the afternoon when he awoke. He must have slept three hours. He looked at the sofa and saw the girl still sleeping peacefully. He almost wished that she would never awake to all the dreadful surprises that the house held for her. Her eyelashes curved long and dark on her cheek. Geoffrey turned away quickly.

He had awakened with a sudden disagreeable conviction that people have been known to smother to death in closets. He stole quietly from the library and ran upstairs with not a little anxiety. Indeed, so great was his dread that he would have been really relieved to see the closet door standing open as an immediate proof that it did not hide a corpse. It was, however, locked as he had left it. But as he hastened to undo it, a voice from within reassured him: "Well, where have you been all this time?"

"You may be thankful I'm back at all. It did not look like it, at one time."

"Where is Cecilia?"

"Downstairs, asleep."

McVay gave a little giggle. "Ah," he said, "I bet you have had the devil of a time. I bet you wished once or twice that you had let me be the one to go."

"It wasn't child's play."

"Child's play! I rather think not. These things are all well enough among men, but women—" He waved his hand, "So sensitive, so cloistered!"

"Your sister behaved nobly," said Geoffrey severely.

"Bound to, Holland, bound to. Still it must have been a shock."

"It was a hard trip for any woman."

McVay looked up. "Oh," he said, "I wasn't speaking of the trip. I meant about me. What did she say?"

"She did not say anything. She went to sleep."

"She did not say anything when you told her I was booked for the penitentiary?"

"Oh," said Geoffrey, and there was a slight pause. Then he added, "Why should I tell her what she must know?"



She was dressed in his sister's sables

"I tell you, she knows nothing about my—profession."

"Your profession?"

"Hasn't a notion of it."

"What, with my sister's coat on her back, and the Inness bag in her hand?"

"No," McVay drew a step nearer. "You see I told her that I had found a second-hand store where I could get things for nothing." He chuckled, and Geoffrey withdrew with a look of repulsion that evidently disappointed the other.

"That was a good idea, wasn't it?" he asked with a faint appeal in his voice. "She thought it was likely, anyhow."

"She must be very gullible," said Geoffrey brutally. "Or else," said McVay with a conscious smile, "I must be a pretty good dissembler."

At this acute instance of fatuity, Geoffrey, if he had followed his impulse, would have flung McVay back in the closet and locked the door. Instead, he said: "Come downstairs. I want to look up something to eat."

"Thank you," said the burglar, "it would be a good idea."

"You need not thank me," said Geoffrey. "I don't take you with me for the pleasure of your company, but because I don't dare let you out of my sight."

McVay, as was his habit when anything unpleasant was said, chose to ignore this speech.

"You know," he said, as they went downstairs, "I suppose that most men shut up in a closet for all those hours would take it as a hardship, but to me it was a positive rest. I really in a way enjoyed it. It is one of my theories that every one ought to have resources within. Now I dare say you were quite anxious about me."

"I never thought of you at all," said Geoffrey. "After I got in I went to sleep for three hours."

McVay looked at him once or twice in surprise. Then he said with dignity: "Asleep! Well, really, Holland, I don't think that was very considerate."

"Don't talk so loud," said Geoffrey. "You'll wake your sister."

Geoffrey had always been in the habit of going on shooting trips at short notice, and so it was his rule to keep a supply of canned eatables in the house to be ready whenever the whim took him. On these he now depended, and was not a little annoyed to find the kitchen storeroom where they were kept securely locked. This difficulty, however, McVay made light of. He asked for his tools, and on being given them set to work on the door.

"Have you ever noticed," he said, "the heavy-handed way in which some men use tools? Look at my touch—so light, yet so accurate. I take no credit to myself. I was born so. It's a very fortunate thing to be naturally dexterous."

"It would have been more fortunate for you if you had been a little less so."

"Oh, I don't know about that, Holland. I might have starved to death years ago."

"I wish to God you had," said Geoffrey.

McVay shook his head faintly in deprecation of such violence, but otherwise preferred to pass the remark by, and they soon set to work heating soup and smoked beef. When all was ready and spread in the dining-room—this was McVay's suggestion; he said food was unappetizing unless it were nicely served—Geoffrey said: "Go and see if your sister is awake, and if she is," he added firmly, "I'll give you a few minutes alone with her, so that you can explain the situation fully."

McVay nodded and slipped into the library. Geoffrey shut the door behind him and sat down on a bench in the hall from which he could command both doors.

If he entertained the doubts of her innocence which he continually told himself no sane man could help entertaining, he found himself strangely nervous. He felt as if he were waiting outside an operating room. He thought of her as he had seen her asleep, of the curve of her eyelashes on her cheek, of her raising those lashes, awaking to be met with McVay's revelations. Even if she were guilty, Geoffrey found it in his heart to pity her waking to learn that her brother was a prisoner. How unfortunate, too, would be her own position—the guest, if only for a few hours, of a man who was concerned only to lodge her brother in jail.

His heart gave a distinct thump when the library door opened and they came out together. His eyes turned to her face at once and found it unperturbed. Didn't she care, or had she always known?

McVay caught his arm, when she had passed them by, and whispered glibly: "Thought it was better to wait until she had had something to eat—shock on an empty stomach so bad—so hard to bear."

Geoffrey shook his arm free. "You infernal coward," he whispered back.

"Well, I like that," retorted McVay; "you didn't tell her yourself when you had the chance."

"It wasn't my affair. I did not tell her because—"

"Oh, I know," McVay interrupted with a chuckle.

"I've been knowing why for the last ten minutes."

They followed her into the dining-room.

It was not a sumptuous repast to which they sat down, but Geoffrey asked nothing better. He was sitting opposite to her—a position evidently decreed him by Fate from the beginning of time. He could look at her, and now and then, in spite of her delicious reluctance, could force her to meet his eyes. When this hap-

pened nothing was ever more apparent than that, for both of them, a momentous event had occurred.

She was almost completely silent, and as for him, his responses to the general conversation which McVay kept attempting to set up were so entirely mechanical that he was scarcely aware of them himself.

It was she who suddenly remembered that it was Christmas Day.

"And this is our Christmas dinner," observed McVay regretfully.

"Oh, no," returned the girl, "this is luncheon. I'll cook your dinner. You'll see."

There was a pause. Geoffrey looked at McVay. The moment for disillusioning her had manifestly come. Wherever they might next meet it would not be at his dinner table. A hateful vision of a criminal court rose before him.

"Miss McVay," he said gravely, indifferent to the signals of warning which the other man was directing



"Please move a little back, Holland," he said, "I want to get nearer the fire"

toward him, "we shall not be here at dinner. Your brother will tell you my reasons for wishing to start down the mountain."

"Now?"

"At once."

She colored slowly and deeply—the only evidence of anger. "I do not need any other reason than your wish that we should go," she said, rising. "I should thank you for having borne with us so long."

"Upon my word, Holland, it is madness to start as late as this," said McVay. "It will be dark in an hour."

She turned on her brother quickly. "Please say no more about the matter, Billy," she said. "We will start at once."

"You won't start if it means certainly freezing to death," he remonstrated.

She flashed a glance at Geoffrey, who had also risen and was trying to compel the truth from McVay by a stern, steady glance.

"I would," she answered, and shut the door behind her.

McVay sprang up and was about to follow her, when Geoffrey stopped him. "One moment," he said. "You are quite right. It is too late to start to-night. We must stay here until to-morrow. But if we are to spend a night here without your sister's being told—"

"My dear Holland, think of her position if we did tell her!"

"I grant that the information had better be withheld until just as we are starting, but in that case I must—"

"I know what you are going to ask—my word of honor not to escape. I give it, I give it willingly."

"I'm not going to ask for anything at all," said Geoffrey. "I'm going to tell you one or two things, and I advise you to pay attention. We won't have any nonsense at all. Remember I am armed, and I am a quick man with a gun. There may be some quicker, but not in the East, and it wasn't in the East I got my training. You will always keep in front of me where I can see you plainly, and you will never under any circumstances come within six feet of me. If you should ever come nearer than that or take a sudden step in my direction, I'd shoot you just as sure as I stand here."

McVay looked distinctly crestfallen. "Oh, come, Holland," he said, "isn't that the least little bit exaggerated? You would not shoot me before my own sister."

"I would not like to, but there are things I should dislike even more, and having you escape is one of them."

The other thought it over. "The trouble is," he explained, "that I am impulsive. You must have noticed it. I get carried away. You know how I am. I'm not at all sure that I shall remember."

"I advise you to try, for this is the only warning you will get."

"I can not believe, Holland, that you would really shoot me in cold blood in the presence of my own sister."

"You had better behave as if you believed it."

"I don't like this arrangement," McVay broke out peevishly. "Suppose for the sake of argument that I did forget—that I put my hand on your shoulder—a very natural gesture?"

"I should shoot instantly."

"But fancy the shock to Cecilia!"

"Not more of a shock, perhaps, than discovering that you are a thief. And another thing: it may be very gay and amusing to be forever fooling about the subject, but I advise you against it. It does not amuse me—"

"Oh, be honest, Holland, it does, it must amuse you. It is essentially amusing."

"It won't amuse her, or you either, when she finds out that you are not only a thief, but that you have been able to find amusement in deceiving her."

Again McVay's gayety seemed momentarily dashed.

"Very true," he said, "I had not thought of that. But then," he added more brightly, "who can tell if it will actually fall to my lot to tell her? Things happen so strangely. It may turn out that that is your part."

"It may," said Geoffrey, "but only because I have had to shoot after all," with which he opened the door and they returned to the library.

V

CECILIA was not in the library, and McVay without comment on her absence turned at once to his book.

"If you won't think me impolite, Holland, I'll go on with my Sterne. Conversation is always a great temptation to me, but I have so little opportunity to read that I feel I ought not to neglect it—especially as your books are so unusual."

He settled himself to "Tristram Shandy" with appreciation, but Geoffrey could not read. He sat, indeed, with a book open on his knee, but his eyes were fixed on the carpet. The knowledge of the girl's presence in his house distracted him like a lantern swung before his eyes. He gave himself up to steeping in his emotion, which in some situations is the nearest thing possible to thinking.

Geoffrey's success with women had been conspicuous, as was natural, for he was good-looking, rich, and apparently susceptible. As a matter of fact, however, his susceptibility was purely superficial, and for this very reason he was not afraid to give it full sway. The deeply susceptible man learns to be cautious, to distrust his feelings, but Geoffrey had always too truly recognized his fundamental indifference to have any reason to distrust himself. He had never been in love. Like Ferdinand, he "for different virtues had liked many women," although in his case it had not always been necessarily virtues that had attracted him. But there were certain women, who had always appealed to him for some conspicuous quality or characteristic, who for one reason or another pleased him, to whom one side or another of his nature responded. He had often thought that if he could make up a composite woman of all of them he might be in great danger of falling in love. But now he was aware that his whole nature responded to the attraction of the girl upstairs, as a dog answers instinctively to the call of its master. He could say to himself that she was this or that—brave and beautiful—but he knew that such qualities were but an insignificant part of the total effect. His reason could find causes enough to approve her, but something more important had gone ahead and made straight the paths of his reason, something which transcended it, and which, in case of a divergence between the two, his reason could never overcome.

For, of course, the realization of McVay and all his presence implied fell coolly upon his exaltation. By no means had Geoffrey said to himself in so many words that he was in love—far less had anything so definite as marriage crossed his mind. He was too much in love to be so practical. He only knew that McVay's mere existence was a contamination and a tragedy.

He had been sitting thus for some time when he heard her step on the stairs. He rose and met her in the hall, whence he could still keep his eye on McVay's studious figure in the library.

She was dressed in her sables ready for departure.

They looked at each other a moment in silence, he appealingly, she with a cold blankness that seemed to say that not even a look could make her take further notice of him as a living being.

"Have you really been thinking that I wanted to turn you out?" he said with directness.

"I have not been thinking about the matter at all," she answered, turning her head a little aside from his direct gaze. "But I do think so, of course. After all, why should you not wish it?"

"You think me likely to want anything that would part us—that is the way my manner strikes you?" He was surprised to find his voice not absolutely steady.

She favored him with a short stare from under her lids. "You seem to forget that I have your own word that you insisted on our going. You may have changed your mind, but I have made mine up." She made a motion as if to pass him and go on toward the library.

"I have changed so completely since I saw you," said Geoffrey, "that I scarcely recognize life in this—this ecstasy. That is the only change. Am I likely to turn you out when I have been waiting all my life for you to come?"

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"Holland, it is my duty and pleasure, it is my right to go," but," McVay shrugged his shoulders, "when he once gets an idea into his head, it takes a gimlet to get it out."

"Upon my word, Billy," the girl said indignantly, "I don't think you ought to talk like that even in fun. You know perfectly well that Mr. Holland only insisted on going because he thought he was better able to bear the physical strain."

"Physical strain!" exclaimed McVay, coloring to the roots of his sandy hair, from pure annoyance. "I don't know what you mean."

Holland is, of course, a larger man than I, but not stronger—oh, well, as far as mere brute force goes, perhaps; but in the matter of bearing physical strain you betray the most absurd ignorance. It is well known scientifically that medium-sized men like myself, when their muscles are at all developed (and you know my muscles), are better fitted for endurance than any of these overgrown giants."

"Then," said she calmly, "if you knew you were better fitted, I can't see why you did not go."

"You are not quite fair to your brother," said Geoffrey, interrupting, for McVay looked as if he would explode in another moment under the sense of injustice. "He did propose going himself, but I would not let him; I made it a personal matter."

"Very personal," replied McVay with feeling. "I'll just explain how it was. Last night, as soon as I realized how bad the storm was, I made up my mind that I had better attempt to enter the house. I succeeded after some trouble, came to this room, turned on the light—a spooky thing, an empty house—picked up a book, had quite forgotten my position, the world, everything, when a voice at my elbow said, 'Fond of reading?'

I was never more surprised in my life. I felt distinctly caught—an interloper. And to make matters worse, I saw that Holland did not at once recognize me. I made every effort to leave, but he would not hear of such a thing. He made it perfectly plain, in fact, that it was his wish to keep me. I yielded. That, I think, Holland, is a pretty accurate account of the night's proceeding, isn't it?"

Geoffrey did not answer. His soul rebelled at the farce and at McVay's irrepressible enjoyment of his own abilities. As Holland met the twinkling joy of those small blue eyes, he wondered if he would not be doing mankind a favor by putting a bullet into McVay before the dawn of another day. Unconscious of this possibility, McVay continued to his sister: "Well, it has all been a painful experience for you, my dear—a long and dangerous adventure for a woman, but you were at least warmly clad. A handsome coat, is it not, Holland?"

"Very," said Geoffrey chillingly. "Now, that coat," McVay went on, unchilled, "was a real bargain. I may say I paid nothing for it—little more than the trouble of taking it home. Although, from another point of view, its price was pretty high—"

"Really, Billy, I don't think Mr. Holland is interested in our bargains."

"In some he is," said Geoffrey, eying McVay with a warning glance. "I think I know of just about a dozen people who will want a circumstantial account of all of them."

"Now there, Holland, there is one of your philistine words—circumstantial! It takes all poetry, all imagination out of a subject. Do you know the only connotation (are you familiar with that word?)—the only suggestion it has for me is a jury!"

He scored distinctly. Geoffrey had nothing to say in reply.

It was McVay himself, who, disliking a pause, observed that it was almost time to begin on the preparation of the Christmas dinner. They all rose as if glad of a break. As they passed out of the door, Geoffrey laid his hand on McVay's arm.

"Why do you deliberately try to exasperate me?" he said.

McVay smiled. "Why do little boys lay their tongues to lampposts in freezing weather? Don't I amuse you? Be candid."

"No," McVay looked regretful. "As I remember you, Holland, as a boy, you had more sense of humor," he said gently.

(To be concluded.)

The Ballad of Molly Binks

By MARGARET JEWETT

MOLLY BINKS, it seems a pity,
Left her home in Tattle Town,
Sought the great and wicked city,
Went to visit Mrs. Brown,
And that first night
Blew out the light,
Too bad, such folly!
Alas! Poor Molly!
Then the press, in tactful pity,
Said, "Miss Binks of Tattle Town
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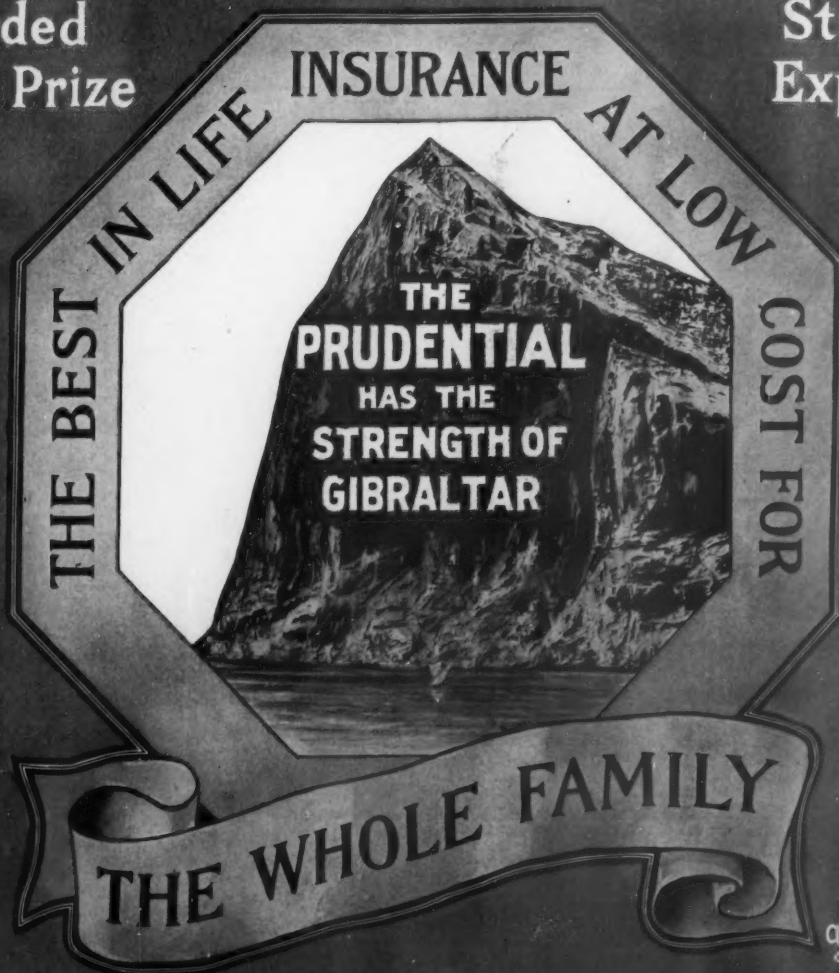
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Football West of the Mississippi

By D. B. CROPP, Coach of the University of Colorado

IN considering football west of the Mississippi, Minnesota may be ignored because her work is so widely known and because she belongs more especially to the Middle West; Texas and Arkansas may also be left out because of their comparative isolation. I shall confine myself to the States of Iowa, Missouri, the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, and California, within which, with the exception of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, the State universities have developed the maximum of proficiency.

Until very recent years, in this section, no State associations or conference restrictions prevented the use of professionals, eligibility rules and scholarship requirements were things unknown, and a man was valuable in proportion to the number of years he had exceeded the now conventional four-year limit. The management and conduct of teams was wholly in the hands of the student associations, and faculties gave little heed to the players and their connection with the universities. Few of the schools had any sort of coaching or training other than they could receive from the wisest member of the team or some generous member of the faculty who had obtained some light on the game from occasional glances at the team of his Eastern alma mater. In those schools which had a real coach, progress was slow for the reason that the preference generally fell to an Easterner who, in most cases, was wholly unfamiliar with the make-up of the Western individual who presented himself as a candidate for the team, and unsuited to the rustling necessary to progress in this wild West of ours. But whatever may have been the conditions once, and however few the years of our importance in the football world, changes have come thick and fast, and the athletic condition here is most satisfactory, and the quality of football worthy of special mention.

The faculties of the universities have learned that a football team contributes to the success of the institution in proportion to its efficiency. They have in every instance assumed control of the sport, and it now operates upon as satisfactory a basis as is possible for it in any part of the country.

Amateur Status in the Far West

Eligibility rules mean as much here as anywhere, and perhaps more, for the reason that our universities in the main draw their material from their immediate neighborhood, while the great teams of the East draw from the ends of the earth. The result here is that competing schools keep a careful eye upon the candidates for the teams of their opponents from the time they enter preparatory school.

Mention the seriousness with which Eastern universities make their claims of athletic purity and you will provoke a laugh here, and your attention will be called to the many men from big Eastern teams who come out West and play League baseball or the like each summer. Indicative of the manner in which such things are dealt with is the case of one of the leading universities of this section who this year disqualified half her last year's baseball team from further participation in all athletics because they played summer baseball presumably for money, while in the same immediate neighborhood half a dozen members of first and second-rate teams in the East earned their year's expenses on Western baseball teams and returned to the East and played the football season through unquestioned.

Professionalism in any degree is not tolerated, and scholarship requirements are strictly adhered to. The four-year rule applies among all the State universities. Every important university has its head coach and assistants. With the exception of Stanford, where it has succeeded, and California, where its success is less marked, the alumni system of coaching is looked upon with disfavor.

It is a not uncommon thing to see one of these teams play a schedule of ten or more hard games with practically the same eleven men, and the teams will be found to attain a perfection of condition many weeks earlier than in the East. Working upon the principle that right condition eliminates injuries, the coaches set to work at the opening of the season to bring the team into the best possible condition, and then by extreme care to maintain it.

Thus we find Nebraska facing Minnesota on October 29th with a team in such superior physical condition that it overcame a great handicap in weight, and all but defeated what should have been a superior team. That the condition was maintained was shown in her game against Illinois on Thanksgiving Day, where she rolled up 16 points in the last half, and won the game.

Yet more marked is the case of Colorado in her game against Nebraska on October 8th. Perhaps to this condition as much as to her playing form, Colorado owes her victory over her heavier opponents and their only shut-out during three years.

Iowa failed to show superior form until in her Thanksgiving Day contest with Minnesota, where every one looked for a score of eighty or more points, and were surprised to find Minnesota, through poor condition, able to make but eleven points, though outweighing the Iowans, on an average, twenty pounds. Kansas is credited with having won from Notre Dame in the last half, when condition enabled her to slaughter her op-

ponents and run up twenty-nine points. Stanford reflected credit upon her veteran trainer, "Dad" Moulton, throughout the season, and on Thanksgiving Day exploded the altitude theory by her game against Colorado played a mile above sea level.

Eastern coaches and trainers look with disfavor upon the custom of early training as employed in the West for the reason that their teams seldom enter more than once each year what to them is an important contest, and that always late in the season. In this country all games are important ones. Our teams are picked much earlier in the West. Eastern schools each year draw heavily upon our material, and the number of veterans each year is smaller. The coach will size up his material, select a squad of fifteen men, and proceed at once to develop a team that will win his game, while the remaining material is turned over to his assistants to be developed for future teams. There is less shifting about of men, and the coaches work upon the theory that the games afford the best schooling for the material. They persist in the use of the same men, and each season sees a few green men converted into varsity stock. Crude as the system may seem, I am of the opinion that it is, after all, the sensible way. The game here is public property. Every one is interested in the teams, regardless of any connection with the schools. The game is less a social event here than in the Middle West, much less than in the East. But in no Eastern or Middle Western game have I seen anything like the extreme enthusiasm exhibited by the students and public in general. Illustration of this can be seen in the crowds of three to five thousand that accompany the team from Nebraska on a five hundred mile trip when a game with Minnesota is to be played. Further illustration of this was manifest before and after the great Stanford-Colorado game in Denver on Thanksgiving Day, when literally thousands of men with no immediate connection with the contesting schools—bankers, merchants, lawyers, etc.—lined up with the students at the Union Station and paraded for miles the streets of Denver, stopping at the different hotels and cheering both teams alike. After the game it is estimated that fully 5,000 people in columns of four followed the losing team to their hotel, a distance of three miles from Broadway Park, the scene of the contest, showing no wavering patriotism.

Worthy of especial mention is the compact between Stanford and Colorado providing a game for Denver each Thanksgiving. This year's game, the first in the series, drew a crowd of 15,000, fully 10,000 more than ever sat at any previous game in Denver, thus proving to the management that any risk can be assumed to bring two great teams together on that day. The proceeds of the Colorado-Stanford game were approximately \$31,000.

Stanford is Champion

Worthy of still further mention is the Colorado-Stanford game for the reason that it made possible the selection of a definite champion of the entire region west of the Mississippi. It brought together champions of the two great sections, and nothing but a tie game could have spoiled the anticipated satisfaction of knowing where the best team was.

Colorado had, in addition to her sweeping victory over Utah, clearly won the championship between the Mississippi and the Rockies, while Stanford had defeated everything on the Coast.

Especially gratifying it was to Stanford to feel that she had won from the team that had administered the only shut-out to the Nebraska team in three years, and that, too, in a year when Nebraska had defeated two important members of the Big Nine, and had lost to Minnesota.

It was equally gratifying to Colorado that with one-third the student body found in any of the seven universities in this reckoning she had lost only to a team that had defeated every important team on the Coast, and had not been scored against.

In comparing the teams in the Mississippi-Pacific territory, Stanford deserves first place. With a team averaging 184 pounds, a line weighing 192 pounds, and a back-field 174 pounds, the team was equal in its perfection to the Yost machine. Stanford defeated California 18-0, and won from Colorado in the contest for championship of the two great divisions, and deserves, in my opinion, equal rating with Michigan, Chicago, and Minnesota.

Colorado in her games with Nebraska and Kansas showed form superior to any of the teams between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Nebraska had defeated Iowa and Kansas, had slaughtered Missouri. Colorado had, perhaps, the lightest team in this division, averaging 168 pounds, and her back-field weighing 157 pounds. The team, with three exceptions, was made up of new men. Its play was not spectacular, and it owed its success to splendid physical condition and consistent and effective team work. In her four interstate games, with Nebraska, Kansas, Utah, and Stanford, Colorado lost but the last game, and in her State schedule played four heavy games in twenty days and averaged thirty-five points in each game. She should rank next to Chicago, Michigan, and Minnesota.

Nebraska, compared with the Big Nine, would have readily defeated all save the three occupying the first positions.

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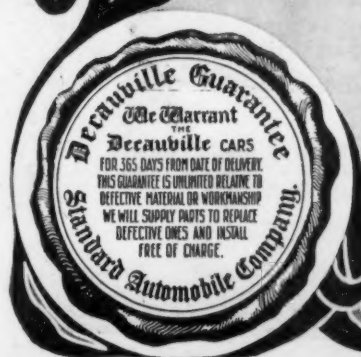
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